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1954

the Magazine of the Arts for

CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Exquisite Art of Carlo Giuliano. By M. L. D'OTRANGE	145
Current Shows and Comments. By PERSPEX	153
Some Commoner Drinking Glasses of the XVIIIth Century. By E. B. HAYNES	155
Ceramic Causerie	156
Maurice Utrillo. By CLIVE BELL	157
Pictures and Prints at the Antique Dealers' Fair	162
Furniture and Tapestry at the Antique Dealers' Fair, 1954. Reviewed by EDWARD H. PINTO	163
Silver at Grosvenor House. By G. BERNARD HUGHES	169
Ceramics at the Antique Dealers' Fair	172
High Summer in English Landscape. By HORACE SHIPP	175
Events in Paris	179
Views and News of Art in America. By PROFESSOR ERIK LARSEN, Litt.D., M.A.	180
Events in Holland	181
London Notes. By MARY SORRELL	182
Letters and Answers to Correspondents	183
Sale Room Notes and Prices. By BRICOLEUR	184
The Library Shelf: Paul Storr. By CHARLES OMAN	185
The Art of Good Living:	
A Summer Wine Party. By BON VIVEUR	195
Thoughts on Coasters. By N. M. PENZER	197
Music: Domenico Scarlatti. By P. J. INMAN	199

COLOUR PLATES

	PAGE
Pendant and Necklace by Carlo Giuliano, Italian, XIXth Century	147
Le Lapin Agile	157
Place de Village	158
Caserne sous la neige	158
XVIth Century Tapestry from Barcheston, Warwickshire	163
A Magnificent Louis XV Ormolu Mounted Bombé-shaped Commode	166
Wine Cooler: Worcester Dessert Service	173

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THE EXQUISITE ART OF CARLO GIULIANO

BY M. L. D'OTRANGE

THE master goldsmith and jeweller Carlo Giuliano worked and was famed in the mid-XIXth century. His creations, treasured as heirlooms, are now beginning to receive from scholars and art students the serious critical attention they deserve: the little known fact is that he stands almost alone in a small island of common sense, artistic integrity, and good taste, surrounded but never engulfed by the torrents of indiscriminate popularisation released by the Industrial Revolution. To appreciate properly his position in relation to this it is necessary to throw a brief backward glance over the previous development of jewellery.

Prior to the XIXth century, the designing and execution of jewels had been ranked and esteemed as one of the fine arts and was proudly practised by the great masters. Indeed, the creation of a jewel is one of the severest tests an artist can face, and he fails miserably if he allows himself to believe anything less than the most concentrated essence of his art, taste, and wit will suffice for the task. To take the Renaissance period as an example, because it is of course the zenith of the art, the first apprenticeship then for a young artist was in the studio of a master goldsmith and jeweller. Ghiberti, Pollaiuolo, Luca della Robbia, Verocchio, Ghirlandajo (so called, because of the necklaces or neck "garlands" that he designed so well), Botticelli, Michelozzo, Francia, Lorenzo di Credi, Da Vinci, Dürer, and above all Holbein (who has left us literally thousands of finished designs for the most beautiful and intricate jewellery)—these are only a few of the artists who underwent an early schooling of goldsmith and jeweller, and who continued in later life to take delight in producing works of jewellery: sometimes real, and sometimes imaginary, under the form of projects such as Holbein's marvellous drawings, or as adornments for their models. In Botticelli's *Primavera*—to take only the most famous example—the jewels worn by two of the Graces are rendered with exquisite professional precision, allied to the poetic and aesthetic vision of a great artist.

In earlier ages, when anonymity was the rule, we can feel sure nevertheless that only the most talented artists were called upon to furnish and execute designs for jewellery. It is only in the XVIIIth century that specialisation begins

to tighten a vice around the artist, and we begin to hear of designers confined solely to the creation of jewellery. Naturally enough, this restraint kept the best and freest spirits from entering that field; it is to be wondered whether we do not face the same situation in our own times.

However, true decadence of the art of jewellery did not set in till the XIXth century. At that time, greatly increased facility both of travel and of reproduction brought in the circle of daily acquaintance

a world of ancient and far-off things that had till then been strange and mysterious to all but a privileged few. In addition, the Romantic movement was in full force, stimulating interest in medieval matters, and the first serious archaeological researches were undertaken. Under this avalanche of good things, the public quite lost its collective head and revelled in a veritable orgy of new visual sensations—overlooking only the essential lesson that all these things were beautiful and pleasing only because they were the result of sincere convictions expressed with artistic integrity, and therefore faithfully expressed the spirit of their respective ages.

Against this corruption of taste, as expressed in jewellery, the first to rebel was Fortunato Pio Castellani, a Roman jeweller, who started his career in 1814, and at first was content to produce jewels in the style then in vogue, combining in one single object vague suggestions of several of the major styles of the past, joined to some literary or sentimental connotations. His remarkable skill and taste brought him to eminence in that field, but he could not rest content, and turned to science in the hope of finding processes to improve at least the technical production of jewellery. It was in the first quarter of the century—about 1826–30—that he became familiar with the splendid Etruscan tomb jewels then recently unearthed. He admired them unreservedly, and he conceived the idea of reproducing them, as well as other jewels of classical antiquity, so as to introduce these perfect models of taste as corrective examples in the

daily lives of his contemporaries under the intimate form of jewellery. He met with many technical difficulties, which his scientific training helped him to surmount. But, paradoxically, the lost Etruscan processes of gold-soldering, melting, wire-drawing, granulating, etc., were not found by Castellani in his laboratory: he discovered them still known and practised in a remote village of the Umbrian marshes, where they had been handed down from father to son for untold generations. Having procured a few workmen from that region, Castellani was at last ready to engage upon his chosen mission of reviving ancient jewellery in all its precision and beauty. Italy was then under Austrian domination, and the Castellani family, fervent patriots, took refuge in England. Of the two sons of the family, the elder, Alessandro, developed into a scholar of note, and the collection of antique jewellery he assembled is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum; the second son, Augusto, followed even more closely in his father's footsteps, and was himself a brilliant designer and craftsman. The united labour, skill, scholarship, and artistic enthusiasm of the Castellanis resulted in the production of a long



Fig. I. Cruciform pendant: cabochon star ruby; white, light blue and dark blue enamel; diamonds and pearls.



Fig. II. Pin: light blue, dark blue, and white enamel; pearls.



Fig. III. Brooch: light blue and dark blue enamel, framing a cameo; diamonds.

succession of admirable copies—or rather, resurrections—of ancient jewels that in many cases had survived only in broken fragments, and which they caused to live again in all their pristine beauty. But more important even than this was the unspoken lesson they gave to their contemporaries by their art of abnegation, unswervingly devoted to the appreciation of the enduring principles on which is based the true greatness of classical art. At about this time, one ocean away, an American poet was fashioning an exquisite sonnet "To the glory that was Greece, To the grandeur that was Rome"; the Castellani joined Poe in voicing the same reverent homage.

But worship of the past is sterile: emulation must follow. This was the role destined for Carlo Giuliano. This young Neapolitan artist had won the admiration of the English master goldsmith and jeweller John Brogden, and in turn was drawn to England, where he was to play a major part in the brief, unheralded minor renaissance of the art of jewellery, of which Castellani, the elder, had been the instigator: Castellani stands out in the group as the earnest, single-minded reformer; Giuliano, in a softer and more



Fig. IV. Brooch: Etruscan gold, light blue enamel, rubies, sapphire. Ear-rings: Etruscan gold.

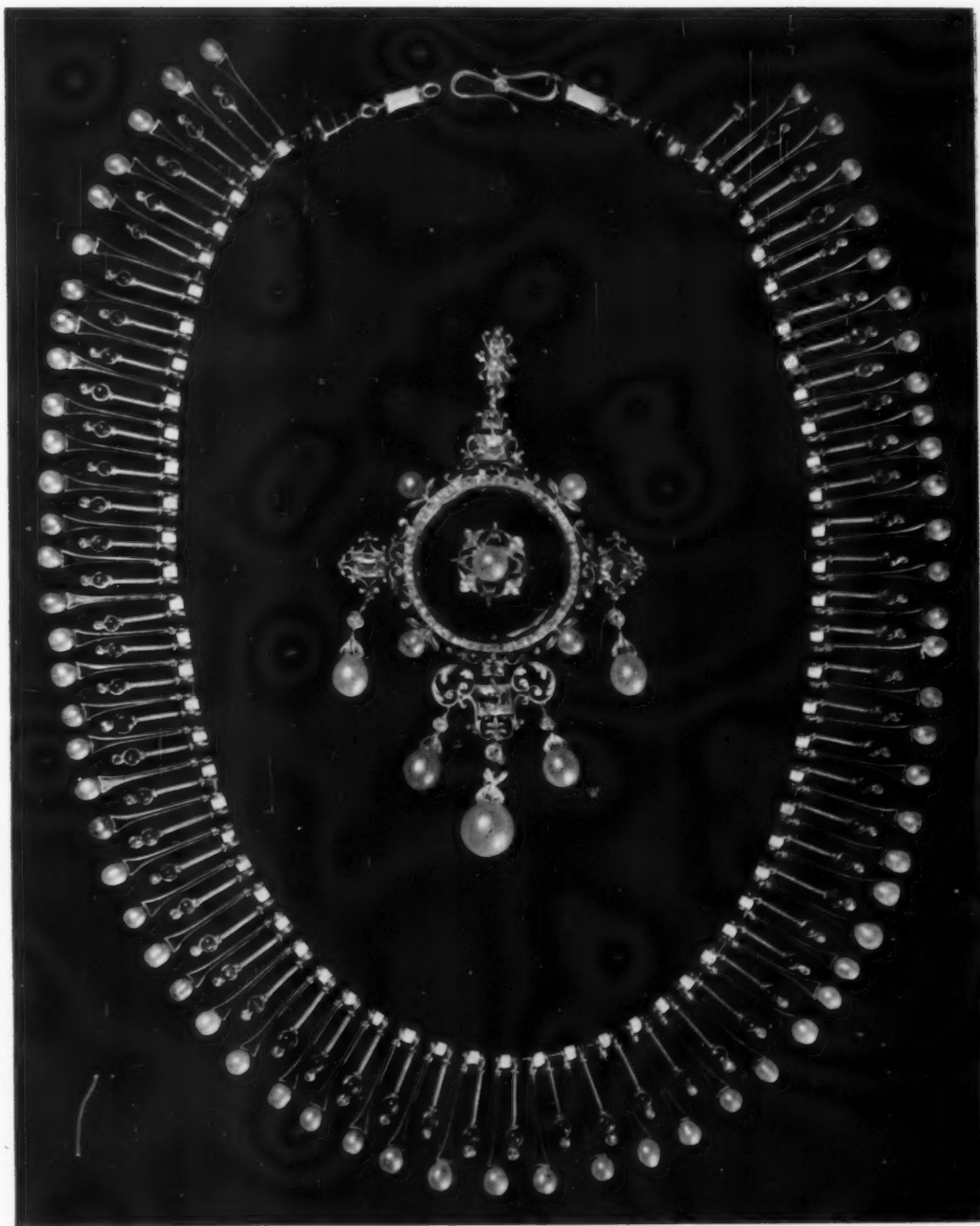


personal mood, might be called its lyric poet. It is eminently fitting therefore to find works by these artists brought together in the collection of XIXth century jewels assembled by Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Desmoni, of New York—although the present article will be limited to study of the works of Giuliano in that collection.

Carlo Giuliano had a personality of his own, widely different from that of Castellani. We shall see it affirming itself gradually. In the copying of the ancient jewellery of Greece and Etruria, Giuliano equalled, and perhaps in some technical respects surpassed, the skill of Castellani. There is in the Desmoni Collection a gold necklace by Giuliano formed of a multitude of small vase-shaped pendants, carved in honey-brown sard, depending on small chains, interspersed with minute rosettes of gold, from a large band of plaited gold wire—that, in point of skill, as well as faithful adherence to the classical model, is in every way equal to the best of Castellani's works. Even there, however, there is a faint suggestion of the direction that was to be taken later by Giuliano's art towards extreme delicacy and colouristic and linear values, in contrast to Castellani's concentration on sculptural themes. Another interesting example of Giuliano's transition style is found in a parure of yellow Etruscan gold, where a large circular medallion of classical inspiration is repeated in necklace, bracelet, brooch (Fig. IV), and ear-rings. The theme itself might well have been chosen by Castellani, but the rendering of it is very definitely Giuliano's: the centre of the discs is ornamented with an eight-petalled flower shape of ruby with sapphire centre, and part of the background is enamelled in a very soft tint of blue. Giuliano gives

Fig. V. Necklace: white and black enamel, diamonds, pearl.

THE EXQUISITE ART OF CARLO GIULIANO



Pendant and Necklace by Carlo Giuliano, Italian, XIXth Century
(Pendant: enamel, rock crystal centre, diamonds and pearls. Necklace: enamel, rubies and pearls.)

In the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Desmoni, New York

us here a first inkling of his rebellion against the classical canons. The shape of the petal that he chooses to use is also revealing: Castellani generally adhered to the classical rosette, either concave or convex, with fully rounded petals fitting as closely as possible within a circle, and usually defined by a thread of fine granulation. Giuliano prefers a more open flower form, and, in this case, even allows it to stand as an independent superimposed unit.

Giuliano's extreme sympathy with the delicate technique of enamelling and its colouristic possibilities alone must perforce have drawn him away from the Neo-Classical school. The beautiful Etruscan gold rediscovered by Castellani lent itself admirably to the re-creation of Hellenistic jewellery, with its predominantly sculptural elements. But the extraordinary warmth and richness of tone of this gold demanded that it be allowed to play the chief part colouristically, thus restricting the use of both gems and enamels in conjunction with it. The Greek and Etruscan artists, and their XIXth century disciples, gave prime importance to basically architectonic ornamentation: friezes of filigree, beading, granulation, weaves, etc., with incorporation of minute figures in the full round and of heavy engraved gems, cameos, intaglios, and scarabs. Colour upon all this, in addition to the intense yellow of the gold, would have been surcharge. Accordingly, the use of enamel was limited to occasional touches of primary tones.

Giuliano, on the contrary, does not subordinate colour to form. He attempts a union of the two, but as all true colourists, he fully understands the paradox that *white*, i.e., the denial of colour, can, if wisely used, be more effective, more colourful, than the most unrestrained display of bright contrasting tones. So that we will frequently find examples of his mature style in which the underground gold is hardly revealed, giving way entirely to the exquisitely pure and delicate calligraphy of white enamel scrolls, lightly frosted with the sparkle of diamonds and softened with the lunar glow of pearls. This ethereal delicacy, of which the pendant illustrated here in the colour plate is perhaps the supreme example, should not be mistaken for weakness. Perfection is always strong, and Giuliano did attain to perfect expression of his artistic vision. His affinities are clearly with the searching, subtle spirit that animated the art of the XVIIth century, rather than with the divine serenity of ancient Greece or the robust joy of the Renaissance. His style is cool, subtle, aloof, a bit precious and mannered; his ideal is aristocratic grace. Exuberance is abhorrent to him. This "Victorian" artist creates design marked by exquisite restraint, and delights in using the lightest possible touch to achieve his ends. In the great white necklace reproduced here (Fig. V), not one glimmer of gold has been allowed to deface the candour of the petal-like curves that form the festoons of the chain, on which small diamonds sparkle as drops of dew on apple-blossoms. This son of the hot South had an unquenchable longing for such cool harmonies,



Fig. VI. Necklace: white and black enamel, diamonds, pearls, aquamarine, vermillion enamel.

evocative of swirling crystal waters, of frail white buds glistening in the deep green shade at the feet of great trees.

The second white necklace illustrated here (Fig. VII) is of almost tenuous delicacy, truly lace-like, each link composed of two curves, the upper one a white festoon, the under one a slender black thread with minute white dots. The links are separated by an extremely small, scrolled asymmetric motif. This delicate and original chain ends in a pendant reminiscent of that terminating the great white



Fig. VII. Necklace: white and black enamel, topaz, ruby, diamond, emerald, sapphire.



Fig. VIII. Necklace: Etruscan gold, cabochon sapphire.
Fig. IX. (Inset) Brooch: cameo, gold frame, translucent enamels, pendant pearl.

necklace, but in this case centring an aquamarine flanked by two triangular patches of vermillion enamel that increase the brilliancy of the clear blue-green stone by furnishing the eye with the complementary tone. There is unexpected boldness and daring again in the third white chain shown here (Fig. VII), where five large round stones are set between oval white links of a stylised floral pattern: one golden topaz, one dark sapphire, one large diamond, one blood-red ruby, and one intense emerald, are spaced in the frontal half of a chain that can be separated into a pair of bracelets.

One type of necklace frequently associated with Giuliano is made of bars of metal twisted to form a spiral design and linked by pearls. In the example shown here (Fig. X), of an airy delicacy of conception, the slender chains are disposed into a well-balanced necklace by nothing more than the addition of four honeysuckle palmettes and four large pearls to hold the rows in the proper position. Here again we have a combination of white and blue—white of the pearls, and blue enamel in the twists of the bars—and delicacy of colouring matches delicacy of design.

Giuliano's invention was as happy and fertile in the creation of pendants as in that of necklaces. The lozenge shape was one on which he based many of his pendants, and the Desmoni Collection comprises several such. Two of these are illustrated here. The first and larger pendant (Fig. I) derives extraordinary beauty from its colouring: from a centre star ruby cabochon, radiate foliage motifs in white and light blue enamel, forming a cruciform pattern within the lozenge, and framed in a band of dark blue enamel spangled with small white flowers. Pearls tip the ends of the cross, and four more pearls form a quadrangle around the central cabochon ruby, surrounded by the eight petals with pointed tips that we have already met with earlier and now recognise as one of Giuliano's favourite conceits. The second pendant (Fig. XIV) is executed entirely in white and dark blue enamel. The lozenge here is not actually the base of the design, but is effected by the use of centripetal scrolls issuing from the ends of a straight cross tipped with white fleurs-de-lys on a dark blue ground, while a small diamond sparkles at the centre within a dark blue lozenge cartouche.

Giuliano's power does not consist in startling innovations, but in an exquisitely fine understanding of established motives and sympathy with an ancient tradition. In this sense, he is as much of a classicist as Castellani. He did not aim at originality; he achieved it for that very reason. "A rose is a rose is a rose," but there are a thousand ways of making a bouquet. The scrolls and palmettes and volutes that we find in Giuliano's works, we have seen before: they stem back to antiquity, but the artists of the first Renaissance gave them a new meaning, and now Giuliano in turn so orders them that they assume a new aspect. There is actually nothing, for instance, in the small pendant illustrated in Fig. XIII, or in the splendid oval pendant set with an octagonal emerald (Fig. XII), that would make it impossible, in point of design, for these to have been conceived in the late Renaissance—yet somehow we know that they are not, could never have been, the production of an artist of that age. There is about them an air of subtle understatement, of precise uncluttered delicacy, that marks them as Giuliano's own. In addition, the smaller pendant (Fig. XIII) is again an example of the typical "cool" colour scheme to which

Giuliano returned time and again: the pale green square stones are set in the midst of gracile white and black scrolls. His taste forbade the wealth of sparkling stones to overwhelm the purity and unity of his designs. For this reason, table and step-cut stones are encountered in his creations more frequently than multi-faceted stones. He did not hesitate to make use of his favourite white enamel, even in the immediate proximity of diamonds and emeralds, when he felt that the design needed this binding element. In one of his pins (Fig. XVII) the eye travels from the warm glow of the pearls to the immaculate whiteness of the enamel scrolls, hence to the fulgour of the blue-white diamonds, and comes to rest in the cool depths of the central emerald.

In a different mood, a small pin (Fig. II) combining light blue enamel and pearls in a semi-circular pattern is one of the most graceful and light-hearted of Giuliano's creations, as the emerald pin is one of the most sumptuous. In view of Giuliano's fondness for blue tints, it is interesting to note another large circular pin (Fig. XI) in which a wreath of turquoise trefoils takes the place of the usual enamel work. This is probably a unique piece, no other piece by him at all similar to this is known to exist. The central motif of the two entwined hearts, one of diamond, the other of turquoise, seems to indicate embodiment of a sentimental allusion, and it is very likely that this piece was executed on definite order for a particular purpose: commemoration



Fig. X. Necklace: gold, light blue and dark blue enamel, pearls.
Fig. XI. (Inset) Circular pin: turquoises, white and black enamel, diamonds.



Fig. XII. Oval pendant: octagonal, step-cut emerald, diamonds, enamel table-cut.

sometimes drawn by the lure of the Orient, his visions are of a fairy-tale Orient—one might say: the Orient in a minor key, as if viewed through the pale mists of a Northern dawn, and totally devoid of Oriental sensualism. Among others, the Desmoni Collection includes two magnificent examples of Giuliano's "Oriental" inspiration. A large necklace (Fig. XVIII), composed of six rows of even white pearls, with two frontal and two rear clasps richly enamelled and studded with diamonds, supports a lozenge-shaped pendant of large sapphires on a background of closely set diamonds forming a floral design. White and dark blue enamel work in the outer border of the pendant, and, with utmost intricacy, in the ornamentation of the clasps complete the decoration of this piece. In another parure of a necklace, two bracelets, and two pins, Giuliano took pleasure in displaying his virtuosity as a craftsman: chrysoprase cabochons are set in lace-like gold work encrusted with innumerable rubies, so that the large, heavy, pale green drops are supported in this airy, transparent web of crimson brilliance, over which, in the bracelet shown here (Fig. XV) festoons of white pearls form half-moons. This is jewellery for Titania rather than for a Sultana.

It is not as startling as it may seem at first that this poet should have grown and thrived in the Victorian age. In the words of a famous English exponent of the rare and delicate technique of enamelling that was above all Giuliano's favourite, his contemporary, Alexander Fisher: "The Art of Enamelling . . . has ever been one of those exquisite arts which exist only under the sunshine of an opulent luxurious time, or sheltered from the rude winds

of an anniversary, lovers' tryst, or something of that kind. The theme was one apt to inspire a maudlin treatment, but Giuliano has rendered it with elegant firmness. The intermediary band between the circle of turquoise and the centre motif is ajouré enamel work of a pattern of stylised Florentine fleurs-de-lis in white and black enamel.

Though he was

of a poorer age by the affluence of patrons." It would then seem not to be for our democratic age, but the Victorian era surely could qualify. And it may perhaps be considered something more than a coincidence that Giuliano should have been received with such favour in England, if we recall that this same "art of enamelling" was ever held in favour by Britons from time immemorial. Philostratus (A.D. 240) could report in his lordly way: "It is said that the barbarians in the ocean pour these (vitrified) colours into bronze moulds, that the colours become as hard as stone, preserving the design." Enamelling in Greece had by then fallen into complete disuse, while on the contrary contemporary examples of Saxon and Celtic make have been preserved, truly beautiful in their rude and barbaric splendour.

But for Giuliano it was not enough that the colours should preserve the design, according to the ancient tradition. For him colour and design must be one—which is why he shuns both the *champlevé* and *cloisonné* methods, choosing instead, in the Renaissance tradition, to apply the enamel to the metal in the same way in which a painter applies colour to his canvas, in a smooth unbroken film, but without ever attempting realistic effects: this meretricious practice thought by many to indicate virtuosity, and that in fact robs the enamel of the adamantine purity and preciousness that is its chief merit. In fact, the so-called *painted*, or miniature, enamel is seldom true enamelling: it consists generally of a ground of white enamel, over which the painted decoration is executed in oxides, with addition of a little flux, which are later made to adhere to the ground by partial fusion. This is not in any way comparable to the



Fig. XIII. Pendant: emeralds, diamonds, black and white enamel, pendant pearl.

noble technique of *grisaille* enamelling—that practised by the Penicauds, Leonard Limosin, and other great enamellers of the XVIth century, and brought by them to supreme achievement. However, the process of *grisaille*, all subtlety, shading, and translucence, is best adapted to flat figural work. For scrolls and floral decoration, favoured by the artists of the late



Fig. XIV. Pendant: white and black enamel, pearls, diamond.

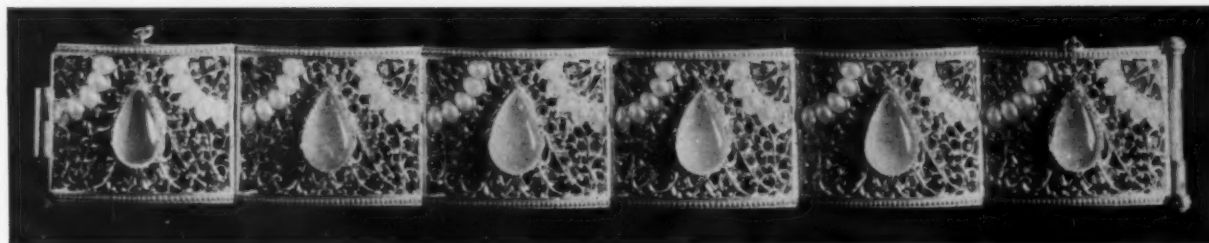


Fig. XV. Bracelet: gold, chrysoprase, rubies, pearls.

Renaissance and by Giuliano, encrusted enamel has a freshness and directness that can never be duplicated in any other way. One of the most brilliant examples of encrusted work is the famous missal cover in the Victoria and Albert Museum, said to have belonged to Henrietta Maria of France, Queen of Charles I. In works of the early and high Renaissance, we occasionally come across instances of encrusted enamel of such purity and brilliance that it is difficult by mere sight to decide whether we have to do with enamelling or gem encrustation. Sometimes, a drop of clear crimson enamel over ground of purest virgin gold—such as was used by jewellers of XVth-century Spain, rich with South American loot—appears with a lustre of a pigeon's blood cabochon ruby, and a clear spot of green can imitate an emerald almost to perfection.

This admirable clarity and luminosity of tones, combined with immaculate white and jet black, is, of course, the ideal of all master enamellers, as it was that of Giuliano. He had at his disposal, and took full advantage of, many colours not available to the earlier masters. But he must be given chief credit for having at all times remained master of his medium, never allowing himself to indulge in a show of skill for its own sake, or in a gaudy display of his entire palette, when simplicity and selection were called for.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have been his achievements, had he lived, let us say, in the Elizabethan age. His great skill would have been worthily employed in the creation of those intricate emblematical jewels that were the craze of that age, and that asked for truly exquisite

delicacy of rendering of their sometime incredibly complex patterns, weaving, as in the Darnley Jewel, twenty-eight emblems and six mottoes in one pendant.

Jewels such as these indeed would have provided proper tests of Giuliano's powers—and we can fancy that no one better than he would have known how to form an enamelled garland of fresh English roses and daisies to frame Gloriana's cool, proud face in a miniature by Hilliard. But Giuliano lived in a tamer age, when exuberance of feeling and profusion of design were not considered in good taste. One cannot say, however, that his bent was forced in any way: he was himself a son of his sober age, and his personality seems to have found perfect expression in the pastel tones and subtle arabesques of his delicate creations. Having undergone the chastening classical discipline advocated by Castellani, Giuliano went on to become not a copyist, but a latter-day heir of the Renaissance. He is ranked as one of the last masters of the art of

enamelling, and as such he is justly represented in the permanent collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

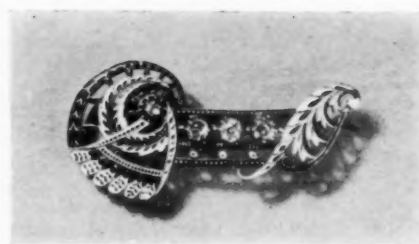


Fig. XVI. Brooch: white and black enamel, diamonds.

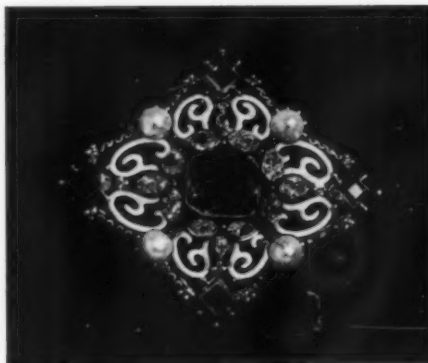


Fig. XVII. Pin: emeralds, diamonds, pearls, white enamel.

Fig. XVIII. Necklace: pearls, diamonds, sapphires, black and white enamel, pendant pearl.



CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

BY PERSPEX

THE HAPPY MEAN

THE London exhibitions are in stride for their high season peak. Largest and most popular, of course, stands the Royal Academy show itself at Burlington House. Most important: the magnificent collection of French XIXth-century men, "Manet and his Circle," at the Tate. Most fascinating, probably: "Paris in the Nineties," at Wildenstein's. Most challenging: "Picasso," at the Lefevre; though by the time these notes appear the exhibition of "Sculpture in the Open Air," staged this year in the gracious grounds of Holland House, may be proving equally debatable. But comparisons are as odious as they were when Shakespeare or Cervantes penned the line.

The Royal Academy Exhibition defies comment by sheer bulk and similitude. Let it be remembered that there are 1,265 separate and individual exhibits, each, we would hope, the beloved child of an artist's imagination and skill to whatever degree their respective authors possess these qualities of mind and hand. Worthy, therefore, of one minute's consideration by the visitor, but even my arithmetic shows that this would take 22½ hours. Most visitors spend at most one-tenth of that time at the exhibition, by the simple process of ignoring, say, 1,200 of the works shown. A chastening thought. Yet the Royal Academy is an institution which cannot be, and indeed is not, ignored. The advanced artists, who pretend to scorn it, besiege it by direct and indirect attack until their works arrive on the walls of the one or two modernist rooms, and they have a curious way of eventually becoming themselves members of the august institution. The more staid painters and sculptors find it an excellent shop window, and picture buyers still create record sales at the reasonable prices asked. Dealers may feel a slight grievance at its aristocratic blacklegging, but will forgive it this trespass for the interest it creates in their commodity. Naturally, everybody grumbles, as we do at all institutions, the government, the weather, the universities, the B.B.C.

This year the Royal Academy has been generous to the moderns; and Ruskin Spear, who was chiefly responsible for hanging the two modernist rooms, has himself contributed a kind of comment in his problem picture "A.D. 1953," wherein some Francis Baconish heads gape out of a cerulean darkness at the ill-fated structure of Mr. Butler's Political Prisoner. Elsewhere he has another work in the same vein: a passing phase, I hope, for he has contributed delightfully to contemporary painting in his own Post-Sickert vein. In these rooms there were even a few abstracts as a pinch of salt on the modernist altar. We do not really expect the Royal Academy to do this sort of thing, and it would be better to stick rigidly to the idea that its business is traditionalism. "Broadening down from precedent to precedent" certainly, but not taking flying leaps into territory, such as abstraction, where it cannot apply its painterly rules.



LA LECTURE. By RENOIR.
From the Exhibition of French Impressionists at The O'Hana Gallery.
PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month.

It was probably right, for example, in buying with Chantrey money James Fitton's rather sportively low life, "Frying To-night," which was finely painted, and a typical, discreet Royal Academy joke. The same is true of Stanley Spencer's patterned whimsies which also have the value on these walls of the deliberate percussion moment in Haydn's Surprise Symphony, and may be there practically for the same resuscitating purpose. The truth about the R.A. is that, though there is inevitably much in it which is rather dull, ordinary, or pompous, there is also the work of artists whom we are more used to seeing at their own one-man shows or in the mixed exhibitions in private galleries. The Academy serves its rightful purpose as a cross-section of the sound work going on so continually and multifariously in British art. One looks, for instance, at the half-dozen quiet water-colours by R. V. Pitchforth, who has been having a one-man show at the Leicester Gallery, and proving again that he can hold our attention with the least picturesque themes, compositions, and colours by his sheer truth to English light and weather.

Outside the Royal Academy the ubiquitous French painters seem to have the greatest showing this month, as they so often do. First, however, one might consider that other thoroughly English artist, Roger de Grey, who is holding his first one-man show at Agnew's. He has for several years been living in the North of England in that lively cell of English painting centred upon Durham, but has now returned to London. The fascination he has achieved with the rather ordinary street scenes of suburban Newcastle, and the more obviously picturesque wide-open moorland scenery of the North, has given charm where another artist might have gone out after the realism of the industrial scene. But Mr. de Grey is a nephew of that poetic artist, Spencer Gore, and he seeks the same quality of beauty

in his art. The figures, rather heavy nudes posed a little self-consciously, are not so pleasing precisely because of the lack of this poetry in conception and painting. They have so little subtlety, and give one the feeling that the artist is altogether too keenly aware of the problem which each one sets. There is a touch of this "New Realism" about them, the "hard facts, like biscuits" of Sitwellian satire.

If insouciance is what we seek we find it at its most delightful in the exhibition at Wildenstein's called "Paris in the 'Nineties." The artists concerned are the lovers of music halls and cafés, of restaurants and the gay life, who followed the impressionists: Toulouse-Lautrec greatest among them, Bonnard and Vuillard, Roussel, Maurice Denis, Vallotton, and their fellows. They have the quality of carefreeness which comes from not taking art too seriously, and also, perhaps, from the inner knowledge of complete power over the media in which they worked. At this exhibition we have them not only as "serious" artists painting on canvas or panel, but as amusing persons slickly decorating menu cards, brilliantly illustrating books, creating posters, lithographs, drawings of every sort. Not the least impressive part of the display is that of the posters mounted on rollers and decorating the upper walls, for it was during those years that the poster was created as an art form both in Paris and by the Beggartaff Brothers in London. The charm of this whole exhibition lies as much in the collection of letters and photographs and documents as in the creative work of the artists themselves. A period is deliberately created, a period full of fun and gaiety and an easy, unself-conscious acceptance of urban life. The actual pictures are really not very important examples, but one would give many more impressive works by the now fashionable Bonnard or Vuillard for anything so amusing as Felix Vallotton's "La Baignade." Meantime, if we wish to see three of these men of the 'nineties on their best behaviour as artists the fine exhibition of Roussel, Bonnard and Vuillard at the Marlborough Fine Arts will supply it. From this show the stature of Roussel, Vuillard's brother-in-law, is likely to be added to. There is the same flat decorative style of painting, the same deliberate disregard of correct composition as in the work of the two others with whom he compares well.

This story of the gay life is brought into the new century by the exhibition of that once wildly fashionable artist, Kees van Dongen, at the O'Hana Gallery. This is his first London exhibition, though he might now be numbered among the elder statesmen of French painting and in the days of Fauvism was very well known over here as a portraitist and luxury painter. This exhibition is called "From Fauvism to To-day," and shows the artist in half a dozen different styles of actual painting, yet obviously harmonised by a philosophy of depicting the leisured life and the people who even throughout these difficult years since the 1920's have managed to live it. The most delightful canvases are casino scenes, with the brilliantly dressed crowd beneath the lights of the great chandeliers. There are echoes of Dufy in much of van Dongen's painting. I prefer him when he is most himself, carrying his work further than the bright sketchiness of his contemporary. The second June exhibition at this gallery is of French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. It includes among many others some notable works by Matisse, an impressive "Flowerpiece" by Van Gogh, and a very fine Renoir, "La Lecture," which came from the collection of Dr. Charpentier and was acquired at the sale at the Galerie Charpentier this April. Another important picture in this exhibition is the fine Utrillo, "Maison Rouge à Sannois," painted about 1912.

French paintings and drawings are also showing at Roland, Browne and Delbanco's, but in intimate mood, for most of the works are comparatively small. Monet's lovely rendering of the break-up of the ice on a river, "La Debacle"—one of the largest as also one of the finest. Here again, Utrillo is noteworthy with two of his Montmagny landscapes of the best period, full of colour and with a feeling for romance and nature which we do not always associate

with him because of his deliberate choice of comparatively dull suburban scenes. Courbet is here with a most simple "Seascape" where magic is evoked by the quiet sky, the low waves breaking on the sandy shore. The drawings are in many instances sculptors' studies, Maillol and Rodin among them. The exhibition carries forward into the modernity of the School of Paris with works by Marcoussis and Souverbie, with their echoes of the Cubism of Picasso and Braque.

Meantime, Picasso himself is having an exciting new showing at the Lefevre Gallery, and exciting it evidently is, for as usual it has drawn the crowd. The work shown is that done since 1938, and includes his recent essays in sculpture. Some wash drawings of picadors in the bull-ring have a certain verve, and the skull of a goat is impressive in its macabre way. For the rest, so far as I am concerned, I am no longer even annoyed by their ugliness. It is usual for the wild apologists of Picasso to talk about his fecundity of creation and to indicate that his teeming mind must ever be searching out new forms and inventing new methods. This fecundity during the 'thirties did invent these monstrous redistributions of features and limbs, these ugly distortions of snout-mouths and mixed profile and frontal views. If we may judge from this exhibition it has merely repeated this operation since then. Once you have done this juggling with anatomy it very rapidly becomes merely boring, but, alas! it does not appear to bore either the "ever-searching" Picasso or his adorers. So he has gone on with it for these intervening years, unless we consider the puerile sculpture created out of unsculpturesque material and amusing enough in its way so long as we are not asked to treat it seriously. Unfortunately we are, as we were asked, to treat his ceramics seriously. In face of all the highbrow eulogy I maintain that, showmanship apart, Picasso has outlived his genius by about a quarter of a century, and that these female distortions and phallic coffee pots are mere decadence.

Next door, in Tooth's Gallery, the exhibition has been a dual show of two of the young Irish painters whose work has been seen there before, Colin Middleton and Daniel O'Neill. There is a similarity between the two which makes a joint exhibition a fitting idea, though perhaps not quite a wise one from their individual points of view. The Irish landscapes, seen starkly and put in with a sense of solidarity of the earth and rock forms, have a grandeur of their own. The often lowering skies, and moonlight and winter scenes, add to the feeling of grimness in many of the pictures. So far one enjoyed the individual vision and the technical accomplishment. I was not nearly so happy about the studies of heads which constitute the rest of the exhibition. The whole æsthetic seems to be a different one, the forms either not understood or deliberately neglected, the colours arbitrary and without meaning. Something between children's art and Jankel Adler takes over, though in a panel, "Oyster Eaters," Daniel O'Neill shows that he can at will present figures quite happily. These two artists are interesting personalities, however, and it is intriguing to speculate on their futures. They are at least finding their own way in the landscape work, which does not derive from some wayward School of Paris or Fauve model.

In the world of Old Masters an important exhibition at Colnaghi's demands attention. At one end of the scale there is a quaint XVth-century, 16-sided panel of "David Guarding his Flock," by Matteo di Giovanni, and at the other a Constable oil sketch which it is surmised may have been an earlier essay on the theme which eventually resulted in "The Haywain." One picture, a "Virgin and Child," by Luis Morales, that rare XVth-century Spanish master, is of particular charm for him. I did not understand a catalogue reference to the "gipsy hat" worn by the Virgin, for surely it is simply a halo. As is usual at the Old Master exhibitions at this gallery everything shown is of very real quality, even when the works are those of lesser-known masters; whilst the names of such artists as Veronese and Borgognone carry their own importance.

The Commoner Drinking Glasses of the XVIIIth Century

Part IV

BY E. B. HAYNES

GROUP VI. GLASSES WITH PLAIN UNKNOPPED STEMS (c. 1740-c. 1770)

CONSIDERING its size this Group is seldom adequately represented in collections. It is only just headed out of first place by the Opaque White Twist glasses, whose appeal has, perhaps, caused a greater acquisitiveness. Be that as it may, the Plain-Stemmed glasses owe their strength to at most half a dozen particular glasses, and yet can count in their ranks a goodly proportion of real rarities. They include 23 per cent of our XVIIIth-century glasses, mainly utilitarian for the home or the tavern, but still providing some glasses of the highest quality and grace.

Stem variation cannot go beyond differences in length, thickness, collaring, and a certain tapering, together with the use of a tear, which could be small and graceful or an ugly cavity.

There is quite a range of foot forms, several being peculiar to dram glasses and differing from the foot types used on other kinds of drinking glass.

Ninety-seven per cent are two-piece glasses. Faint basal fluting is common on ogee, ovoid, and r.f. bowls, but is never found on the trumpet or waisted forms. Subdivision is on bowl forms, of which there are eighteen, none with more than seven Subsections, that is to say, foot forms.

Disregarding the incidence of any tear, the commonest glass comes from Section (f).^{*} It is, inevitably,

A Wine with trumpet bowl and folded foot (S.-f. 1 in 1.45; G.-f. 1 in 7.9).

This is also the commonest glass of the XVIIIth century; frequency 1 in 35.

Second place is taken by a pleasant and useful glass from Section (c), namely:

A Wine, with ogee bowl and folded foot (S.-f. 1 in 1.23; G.-f. 1 in 10.7).

This never has a tear in the stem; it is more numerous than the unteared trumpet wine, but not quite on terms with the teared trumpet (S.-f. 1 in 1.8; G.-f. 1 in 10.2).

In the third place there is the other trumpet from Section (f).

A Wine, with trumpet bowl and plain foot (S.-f. 1 in 9.4; G.-f. 1 in 11.58).

The above comes with and without a tear and is therefore on a par with the next in order, from Section (g); it is

A Wine, with waisted bowl and folded foot (S.-f. 1 in 1.13; G.-f. 1 in 12.5).

Next in order is a Wine with a round funnel bowl and folded foot from Section (e), having a G.-f. of 1 in 17.5, and it is followed by another Section (g) Wine with a waisted bowl and plain foot, G.-f. 1 in 27.5.

These then are the commoner glasses of the Group and for once they justify the adjective. With each of them, however, there is a range of quality in metal, manufacture, and proportion which offers wide choice to any fastidious collector. In contrast it may be said that six of the 18 Sections and twenty-four of the 57 Subsections are represented by one or two specimens only, and any choice is extremely unlikely.

(Left) Our commonest XVIIIth-century drinking glass.

(Centre) Small wine with true Hollow Stem.

(Right) Incised twist wine with honeycomb moulding.

GROUP VIII. GLASSES WITH HOLLOW STEMS (c. 1750-c. 1760)

This is the smallest Group, comprising only one-half of one per cent of our XVIIIth-century glasses, divisible into two Sections, Knopped and Unknopped.

Section 1 has now five Subsections, all scarce, and the majority in green metal. Section 2 contains the standard hollow stem which is tubular and cylindrical. It seems not to have been a successful device, although there are dome-footed r.f. wines which are quite delightful. As with the fine incised twist stem, there are short-stemmed r.f. wines of less attraction.

The commonest glass in the Group is, however,

A Small Wine or Gin glass, with trumpet bowl and plain foot (S.-f. 1 in 3.86; G.-f. 1 in 4.6).

There are other wines with this bowl, and if these be included, the figures go up to 1 in 2.16 and 1 in 2.6, giving an overall frequency of 1 in 500. It will thus be realised how scarce are other varieties, yet no stem type is more disregarded.

GROUP IX. GLASSES WITH INCISED TWIST STEMS (c. 1750-c. 1765)

This is another small Group, containing but 1 per cent of our XVIIIth-century glasses. Carefully made, other than some soda metal specimens, and as often as not with moulded decoration or in green metal, there are two Sections, one for the Knopped glasses, a decidedly mixed lot with coarse twist, all scarce. The other has Unknopped glasses with either a medium coarse twist or, more rarely, a very fine one.

The most frequent specimen comes from Section 2, with a coarse twist. It is:

A Wine with round funnel bowl honeycomb moulded at base, on a plain foot (S.-f. 1 in 6; G.-f. 1 in 9).

There are nearly as many other wines with this bowl, either plain or differently moulded, notably a rarity with strong flutes rising into a vine pattern.

Rather a poor second place must be accorded to a Section 2 glass with fine incised twist, namely:

A Wine with r.f. bowl with faint basal flutes and plain foot (S.-f. 1 in 2.5; G.-f. 1 in 18).

^{*} Where possible, the enumeration adopted in *Glass Through the Ages* is followed.



CERAMIC CAUSERIE

Some Early XVIIIth-Century China Dealers

A BOOK was published in 1749 entitled: *A Copy of the Poll for a Citizen for the City and Liberty of Westminster*. This small octavo volume seems to have been missed by all or most of the searchers into the early history of ceramics in England. A study of the list of some 9,465 men who cast their votes between November 22nd and December 2nd, 1747, and who finally preferred Lord Trentham to represent them in Parliament rather than Sir George Vandeput, is not without interest.

The book divides the voters into the parishes in which they lived and voted, and each voter has his name, address and trade, as well as his political preference, duly recorded. There are no fewer than 18 who gave their trade as *Chinaman*, 7 as *Earthenwareman*, *Earthenwareseller* or *Earthenshop*, and 8 are listed as *Glassman* or *Glass-seller*.

The eighteen in business as *Chinaman* are:

Robert Cluly, Cranbourn Alley; Richard White, Bond Street; Tho. Morgan, Arlington Street; John Pearson, David Street; John Foy, Dover Street; Thomas Turner, St. James's Street; Charles Waterman, Craven Buildings; Thomas Davis, Warwick Street; Thomas Underwood, St. James's Street; William Marle, Derby Court, Piccadilly; Dominique Warren, Pallmall; James Gyles, Berwick Street; Thomas Beverley, Charing Cross; Robert Hinds, New Street; Thomas Williams, Vere Street; John Mouncey, Round Court; Joseph Wilson, St. Martin's Court; Robert Allfrey, Haymarket.

Of these men, quite a number achieved recognition outside this list. To-day, the best known is probably James Gyles, Berwick Street, the "outside decorator," whose exact place in the history of ceramics is yet a little difficult to define.

It is thought generally that Giles began his career as a porcelain painter after the Kentish Town china factory closed its brief career in 1756 (see Cyril Cook, *Life and Work of Robert Hancock*, page 68). He is known to have been apprenticed to a jeweller, John Arthur of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in 1733, but the following extract from a list of *The Apprentices bound to the Freemen of the Worshipful Company of Glass Sellers of London* (Guildhall Library, MS. 1645 1/2) would appear to show that his father, who bore the same name, had been a china painter before him:

ABRAHAM GILES, son of James Giles of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Co. Middlesex, China Painter, bound to Philip Margas for seven years on 26th June, 1729.

What became of Abraham Giles, presumably an elder brother of the well-known James, we do not know. Nor can we do more than guess at the china that James Giles, the elder, painted in the 1720's.

The Art of Riveting

It is not known widely that the art of repairing pottery and porcelain goes back quite a long way in history. A mid-XVIIth-century reference to it was penned by Father Martini in his *Chinese Atlas*. This was quoted in turn by Father Athanasius Kircher in *China Verheerlykt*, which was written in Dutch and published, complete with numerous engraved illustrations and some maps, in Amsterdam in 1667. Both of these men were among the many Jesuit missionaries who laboured to spread Christianity throughout the land of the Grand Tartar Cham or Emperor of China, and who helped the Western world to a knowledge of the many mysteries of the Orient.

In a passage referring to the making of porcelain, Kircher quotes Martini as saying:

"Further, what makes the vessels so prized is that they can contain boiling liquids without sustaining any injury. That which seems even more remarkable is that pieces, secured together with copper nails and with a copper thread, retain liquids and do not leak. Those who have a



Meissen dish with engraved decoration by Canon Busch.
Victoria and Albert Museum.

knowledge of the art of mending porcelain are travelling all over China continually. They use a fine borer, known generally as a drill, with which to make very small holes. The point of this is of diamond, like those with which to write on glass. . . ."

Some part of Kircher's folio was translated into English, entitled *Antiquities of China*, and published in London as an appendix to a description of the embassy sent by the Dutch East-India Company to China. It was published by John Ogilby, who described himself on the title-page of the book as "His Majesties Cosmographer, Geographic Printer and Master of the Revels in Ireland."

Canon Busch's Engraved China

Canon August Ernst Otto von dem Busch of Hildesheim occupied some of his spare time in decorating Meissen porcelain. He engraved the white china with the aid of a diamond point and filled in the resultant scratches with a black pigment. Birds, landscapes, antique monuments, etc., were his favourite subjects; his work is both individual and rare.

A contemporary reference to the work of the canon is worth noting. It occurs in *The Diary of Sylls Neville* (edited by Basil Cozens-Hardy), Oxford University Press, 1950. On page 9, in the entries for the year 1767, is:

"Mon. Jun 1. Went to James St, Golden Square to see some white Dresden china with hawks, herons etc. engraved by the Baron Burt [sic], Canon of Hildesheim, who is the only person that possesses the art. . . ."

Queen's Ware and Glass, etc.

"Alexander Pratt, at his Warehouse, No. 6, in Fleet-Ditch, six Doors from the Corner of Fleet street, on the Right Hand going to the New Bridge, SELLS, Wholesale and Retail, all Sorts of Cream Colour, or Queen's Ware; as also, White Stone Ware, Earthen Ware, and Drinking Glasses, plain, cut and flowered. At this Place, Merchants have their Orders for Exportation executed in the best Manner, and shipped without any trouble; Families are furnished with complete Table Services, or with smaller Quantities, on the shortest Notice; Shopkeepers are likewise supplied with proper Assortments of all the above mentioned Articles, and the whole is performed on such reasonable Terms as the Advertiser is well assured, when known, will be found to merit Encouragement from all those who wish to buy the best Goods at the first Hand. To prevent unnecessary Trouble, the lowest Price is always asked at a word."

From: *The London Chronicle*, September 7th, 1769.

GEOFFREY WILLS



Fig. 1. *Le Lapin Agile*. Oil. 18 × 22 in. 1912. Courtesy The Redfern Gallery.

MAURICE UTRILLO

BY CLIVE BELL

"There was a little girl, and a pretty little girl,
With a curl in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good she was very, very good,
And when she was not, she was horrid."

THAT perhaps is all that need be said about the art of Utrillo; and at that I might leave it were it not for Mr. Editor, who complains that my articles are on the short side. So let us consider at length the strange case of Maurice Utrillo.

To begin with, Utrillo is the name neither of his father nor his mother nor any of his relations. It is the name of a Catalan journalist who, when the boy was seven and for domestic reasons in need of a name other than that of his mother, cheerfully gave him his own, formally adopting the brat on April 8th, 1891, at the *mairie* of the ninth *arrondissement*. Maurice had been born on Christmas Day, 1883: in later years his mother, Suzanne Valadon, was not unwilling to insinuate that the father was either Renoir or Degas—she could not be positive which, but probably Utrillo was the offspring of one Boissy, who worked in an insurance office. What is certain is that by the age of ten he had begun to drink and at the age of eighteen paid his first visit to a lunatic asylum—*Ste. Anne*. There he was detained only two months; and on leaving was sent to Montmagny at the expense of his mother's protector, Mousis,

to recover his wits and reform. He did neither. He returned to Paris. Two years later he began to paint.

He was urged to take up painting because it was hoped that this harmless amusement might keep him, for some part of the day at all events, out of the bars and *bistrots*. A beginner in those far-off years was apt to look at the world around him and attempt to render in paint what he saw, which will seem very odd to modern students; and what Utrillo looked at was Montmartre. He looked lovingly, and so looking, thanks to a prodigiously delicate sense of tone, produced sometimes pictures which were not only beautiful but, in the exact sense of the word, extraordinary. Nothing like them had been done before, nothing quite like them was being done at the time, yet much was being done though Utrillo appears to have been unaware of it—or almost unaware. Matisse and his *fauves* were taking Paris by storm. Must we believe that the clamour, the scandal and the triumph of the *salon d'automne* of 1905 passed over his head unheard? Seemingly we must. In his own Montmartre, in the rue Ravignan, was living a young painter called Picasso; and, if that was not enough to set a beginner thinking and experimenting, in near-by studios were working, arguing and daring such innovators as Derain and Braque, Friesz and Dufy, the whole crew of the Bateau-Lavoir. Apparently Utrillo was not interested. He was not influenced by the leaders of the contemporary movement.



Fig. II. Place
de Village.
1921. Oil on
panel. 20 x
21 1/2 in.
Private collec-
tion.



Fig. III. Ca-
serne sous la
neige. 23 1/2 x
28 1/2. 1923.
Oil on can-
vas.
Courtesy
O'Hana
Gallery.

MAURICE UTRILLO



Fig. IV. Montmagny Landscape. Oil on board. 11 x 15 1/2 in. 1908.

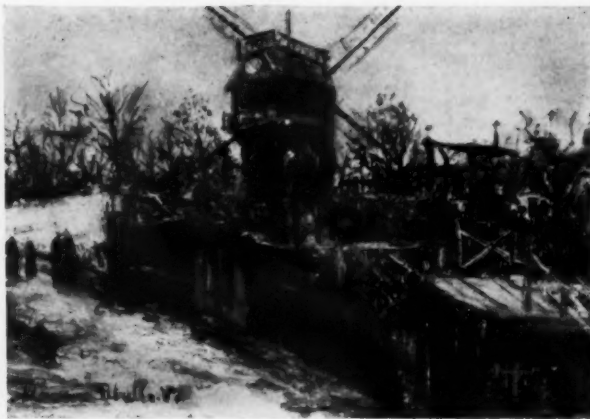


Fig. V. Le Moulin de Montmagny. Oil on board. 11 x 15 1/2 in. 1911.

Both Courtesy Roland, Browne and Delbanco.

He is modern only in the sense that it is inconceivable that his good pictures should have been painted in any period other than the first half of the XXth century.

Utrillo has been called, without much reason that I can see, the last of the Impressionists. Mr. Robert Coughlan—to whom I am indebted for most of my biographical information—tells us that he enjoyed looking at their pictures *chez Durand-Ruel*. He is said to have been influenced by Sisley, but I can discover no trace of that influence in his work. The legend, I surmise, arose from the fact that Sisley's death in 1899 was an event of importance to his mother's circle; the name caught the boy's fancy and stuck there; probably it was one of the few names of artists with which he was familiar. His mother, who taught him the little he knew of the art of painting, may have influenced him a little. He looked sometimes, one must suppose, at the pictures of his friends and contemporaries—at Modigliani's, for instance. I wonder whether he ever entered the Louvre? Essentially Utrillo was an autodidact. He is of no school.

You may call him a Realist, if you are fond of names: so far as I can judge he did keep his eye unsteadily on the

object till about 1910—the end of the "white" and, as is generally allowed, best period. Certainly during these first years he produced a higher proportion of good pictures to bad than at any other time of his life, though would-be chronologers must not forget that at any moment he was quite likely to produce a "stunner." Francis Carco, who confines the "white period" to the years 1907–10 (inclusive), says that in this brief span he painted nearly a thousand pictures of which perhaps a hundred and fifty are first-rate. Carco may be over-generous. He also discovers a tragic element in Utrillo's art. His eyes are sharper than mine; for to me the successful works seem restful and serene. That the artist's life has been tragic and distressful is, of course, notorious, but I should never have guessed it from his painting. Carco goes so far as to compare him with Verlaine: to me the comparison seems inapt. Verlaine, a man of fine intelligence and culture, laid low by drink and debauch, was tragic indeed. He had much to remember and regret. He felt his degradation and makes us feel it too. Utrillo, a drunkard from childhood, half-educated, remarkable only for a painting-gift which he never quite let slip, feels no remorse. Why should he? The appeal of his work



Fig. VI. Eglise de Domremy, 1927. Gouache. 19 1/2 x 25 1/2 in. Courtesy Gimpel Fils.



Fig. VII. L'Abbaye du Breuil. Panel 15½ × 22 in. c. 1916.

Courtesy Arthur Tooth & Sons, Ltd.



Fig. VIII. L'Abside de l'Eglise de Groslay. 1910. Courtesy The Mayor Gallery.

is the appeal of paint, not of sentiment. An objective artist.

The fact is, or at least I suspect it to be, that he was one of those men—they are not so very uncommon—who have a knack for painting just as others have a knack for billiards. We have only to look at a work by Piero della Francesca or Michelangelo to feel that we are in the presence of a great character, of a powerful mind; but Turner's pictures could have been painted by an exuberant artisan if he had possessed the gift—and, in fact, they were. There is nothing unheard of about a commonplace person possessing an inexplicable gift for playing billiards or cricket, or for singing or painting either. What is peculiar about Utrillo is that he seems to have had a gift, not so much for painting, as for painting Montmartre.

I know as well as another that he did not confine himself to painting Montmartrois scenes. He painted in the suburbs, he painted as far afield as the *midi*, and a picture post card from any part of France might be grist to his mill. But always he painted with the streets and monuments of Montmartre in mind or rather, to be exact, in memory: whatever the ostensible subject, the spirit was Montmartrois. "In memory," I said: during the last forty years, it appears, he has painted almost always from memory or from picture post cards, which can come to much the same thing. Clearly his visual memory is remarkable. With such intensity did he stare at those dirty white walls and steep, cobbled streets, at the short-skirted, big-bottomed women of the earlier nineteen hundreds and at the *Sacré Coeur*, that the vision, it would seem, has fastened itself in his brain. In some strange way he was abnormally conscious of the reality of these objects (I use the word "reality" in its common, matter-of-fact sense) and had a notion in his troubled head that he could render his sense of them in painted images that



Fig. IX. Rue de Banlieue. c. 1920. Oil on canvas.

Courtesy The Matthiesen Gallery.

would be as real, as solid, as matter-of-fact as the objects themselves. With this notion in mind—if mind be the word—he would mix plaster and sand and the dust of the street with his pigment, and, it is said, challenge bar-companions to knock down his constructions with a hammer. Whether



Fig. X. L'Eglise de Groslay. c. 1915. Oil on canvas. Collection F. Mendel, Esq.

the "reality" of his pictures, in his sense of the word, satisfied their creator, I do not know; but we must admit that, when he achieves one of his successes, it satisfies us in ours.

If an artist is to be judged only by his best work, Utrillo is unquestionably a great painter: if he is to be judged by his whole output he is the most unequal practitioner alive. In any case he is one of the most prolific; and this, too, needs explanation, for his working life has consisted of a series of lucid intervals shining out from a background of dipsomania and paralysing sickness. Yet he has signed more canvases than any other living artist of comparable note. "Signed," I say, because, beside unauthorised fakes exist pictures by various hands to which in moments of good-natured intoxication he has been induced to put his name. From the artist himself we know that one César Gay, ex-police sergeant, cabaretier and friend in need, tried his hand at painting pictures and, when Utrillos became marketable, persuaded the master to sign them. It has been whispered in cafés that his mother, Suzanne Valodon, herself a gifted paintress, would, when money ran short, buy a few picture post cards and knock off half a dozen Utrillos of the best period. This I hesitate to believe, for I fancy Suzanne was too fond of her own work to attribute it to another. Her husband, Utter, Utrillo's step-father, has also been suspected. I knew Utter, in so far as one can be said to have known someone whom one never met when he was completely sober; he was an amiable man with little or no talent for painting. I do not think he could have made a picture that would have passed with the experts for a Utrillo. Downright forgeries exist, but perhaps not so many as critics are inclined to believe. Utrillo was always painting in and out of bars and *bistrot*s, and leaving his pictures with publicans in return for a glass or two. It is hardly surprising that when his work became fashionable innumerable examples—feeble but authentic—should have emerged from the most unlikely places. Nor is it surprising that his boon companions—the riff-raff of Montmartre—should have said to themselves—"Well, if this is the sort of thing the public wants, I can do as well myself, and imitate Maurice's signature into the bargain." For some of these impostures esteemed collectors are supposed to have fallen; so perhaps I was unjust to my old friend, Utter, when I said that he was incapable of producing a saleable Utrillo.

PICTURES AND PRINTS AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR

THE accent at the Fair is inevitably on applied art, furniture, silver and goldsmith's work, ceramics, glass, tapestries, jewellery, and all the other beauties of craftsmanship. The fine arts nevertheless have their definite place. Necessarily, for behind this whole world of antiques lies the concept of the home; and whatever may pass for such in the contemporary world where picture-railless walls rear blankly above chromium steel furniture, in the days with which the Fair is concerned pictures were an essential part of the home. All over the Fair, therefore, one will find good pictures, often mingled with the furniture and other exhibits, and the picture collector or the home-lover keen upon adding to his treasures should have an eye for these scattered pictures and fine prints around the Exhibition.

More impressively, several of the houses and galleries whose whole concern is with Old Master paintings and drawings and with early prints are represented by Stands entirely devoted to these. In the grand style of the resplendent Old Masters, Agnew's and The Leger Galleries lead this field; in more intimate vein that historic house which can claim establishment back in 1750 and is, therefore, nearing its second centenary, the Parker Gallery, has, as usual, a most intriguing display of both prints and pictures. In each of these stands, albeit the pictures shown are not entirely British School, it is these which are

outstanding. Indeed, that underlying note of Englishness is in the whole Fair, although there is no deliberate policy of stressing the native as against the Continental product.

The great portraitists of the XVIIIth century are well represented. Agnew's have a gracious portrait, "Mrs. Monk," by Gainsborough, and another splendid portrait by Raeburn, "Mrs. William Forsyth"; whilst Leger Galleries are showing the large portrait of "Mrs. Wilbraham Bootle," painted by Romney in 1764, as well as a signed and dated portrait "Francis Burdett," the son of the 4th Baronet, which was painted by Francis Cotes in 1764.

Leger's showing is by no means confined to English portraiture. Among the Dutch masters there is a charming and typical Van Goyen, signed by him and dated 1653. There are also two excellent Still Life subjects, one by that painter of Vanities, Isaak van der Meulen, though in this case the element of the morality is not so apparent since the outstanding objects are open books. The other is the particularly lavish piece which we illustrate, and is by Andries de Coninck; an appropriate work to exhibit at the Antique Dealers' Fair, for it reminds us that these XVIIIth-century Dutch gentlemen were so often themselves collectors of beautiful things, and that part of the function of the Still Life of the time was to portray their rich possessions. A fine Flower Piece by that good international artist, Baptiste Monnoyer, French born, Flemish trained, but early attracted to settle in England where his decorative style was highly approved, is another XVIIth-century offering. A Zoffany

study of "Hamlet" strikes another note on Leger's Stand.

At Agnew's, besides the Raeburn and the Gainsborough "Mrs. Monk" portrait—the sitter was a sister of the 4th Earl of Darnley and the picture has come from the Darnley family collection—there is a superb French "Portrait of a Sculptor," which has been ascribed by the Director of the Louvre to Jacques Blanchard, that Italian-inspired XVIIIth-century French painter who in his day earned the title of "The French Titian." Those who have hitherto judged his performance by his large subject pictures with their monumental figures may have smiled at this contemporary enthusiasm, but this portrait gives one understanding of the comparison. The splendid modelling of the head, the dignity of the pose, and the fine painting of the ruff and clothes, make

a notable piece of portraiture in the grand style. A piece of sculpture on the table behind him, and a modelling tool in the sitter's hand, justify the title and set an intriguing problem of identification for an art historian.

One other most fascinating work shown by Agnew's is the *modello* by Sebastian Ricci for the "Christ Healing the Sick Man," at Hampton Court. Ricci was another artist who was well received by the English nobility in the early XVIIIth century, and seems often to have been employed in a kind of unconscious rivalry to our own great decorator, Sir James Thornhill.

There is a story that he

left England in anger when Sir James was commissioned to paint the cupola of St. Paul's. The fine series of his paintings at Hampton Court were secured by that enterprising Venetian consul-cum-art-dealer, Smith. It is probable that this careful sketch-model for the ultimate painting was obtained by Smith and sent by him to England for the Royal approval. A drawing of the subject is also in the Royal Collection, and may have been the first suggestion for it, followed by this picture which is about twenty inches square, and finally by the vast work now at Hampton Court.

Agnew's are also showing a particularly fine Marlow of "Rome," and a Constable landscape which is chiefly concerned with the cloud effect over a low strip of land.

One other house exhibiting paintings and, in this instance, a selection of early prints, is the Parker Gallery. The most spectacular of the pictures is a resplendent battle piece by Thomas Luny, painted in 1782, and showing the engagement of Rodney and Admiral de Grasse in the Battle of the Saintes in the West Indies. It is fascinating that many of the ships are those whose names are borne by their successors in the Royal Navy to-day. Another important work is a magnificent George Morland, "Feeding the Pigs," the original of the well-known mezzotint. In curious vein is a quaint painting of the London-York-Scarborough coach by that J. Cordrey who was himself a coach painter as well as a painter of the subject.

Lovers of good pictures are not likely to be disappointed by a visit to the Fair this year.

H. S.



STILL LIFE. By ANDRIES DE CONINCK.
Exhibited by the Leger Galleries at the Antique Dealers' Fair.

ANTIQUe DEALERS' FAIR 1954

Furniture and Tapestry on Show

Reviewed by EDWARD H. PINTO



Fig. 1. A rare and delightfully naïve representation of Faith, Hope and Charity in XVIth-century tapestry from Barcheston, Warwickshire, the birthplace of tapestry weaving in England. *Mary Bellis.*

THE United States Ambassador, the Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich, G.B.E., will perform the opening ceremony at Grosvenor House on June 9th. There could not be a happier choice for an event which is the art lover's highlight of the London season and one of the most popular rallying-points of Anglo-American friendship.

Ever since and directly because of the war, the traffic in antiques and works of art has been very largely a one-way movement, away from these shores. We have been very glad of the money but, nevertheless, we must express the hope that the increasing strength of sterling presages a return to two-way traffic. Art is international and should be kept flowing, but it should flow backwards and forwards, and it is a bad thing when too many native works of art and fine examples of craftsmanship leave the home backgrounds for which they were made, and depart from their countries of origin.

Works of art are ambassadors of culture and, therefore, we say, without fear of misunderstanding, to the U.S.A. Ambassador and to our friends whom he represents, that we hope increasingly to be in a position to buy as well as sell in the world art market, so that Great Britain regains her pre-eminent position as the international art exchange.

We are indeed lucky that the Royal Family remain such discriminating collectors, and once again this year the Fair is graced by loans from the Royal Family, and the Worshipful

Company of Goldsmiths are also making their contribution. By graciously consenting to be Patron, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother continues the tradition of the late Queen Mary.

In the Main Hall and its Gallery, some ninety of the leading dealers in the United Kingdom offer you a rich tapestry, woven in the best in domestic furnishing from the Middle Ages to A.D. 1830; as usual, a panel of experts has scrutinised and passed all the exhibits which are offered for sale.

Talking of tapestry, one of the exhibits at this year's Fair, which is sure to attract considerable attention is a tapestry from Barcheston, near Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire. It is to be found on the stand of Mary Bellis of Hungerford, and, as Fig. 1 shows, it depicts a delightfully naïve representation of Faith, Hope and Charity, in mellow colouring mainly of red, pink, yellow, green and blue. Barcheston was the birthplace of tapestry weaving in England, and it was introduced there by William Sheldon in the XVIth century, the date of the example which is showing at the Fair. Sheldon, who was the local squire of Weston and Brailes in Warwickshire, and of Beoley over the border in Worcestershire, set up his looms about 1561 at Barcheston, near his manor of Weston. He entrusted the direction of the work to Richard Hyches, who had learnt the art in the Low Countries. The other principal weavers working for Sheldon were Thomas Chaunce and William Dowler.

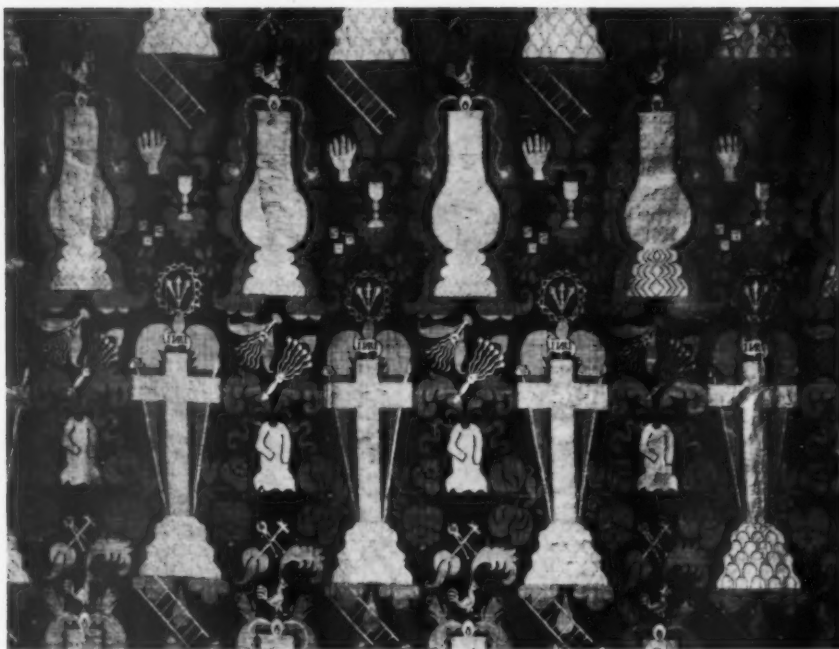


Fig. II. Part of a most interesting late XVIIth- or early XVIIIth-century Venetian brocade panel with emblems of The Passion forming the design. *Arditti and Mayorcas.*

The Barcheston establishment never came under Royal patronage, and the work, largely central figure pictures on a background of naturalistic flowers, fruit and foliage, was designed essentially for country houses rather than for palaces. It was intended to enrich and brighten comparatively plain rooms and form the backgrounds to simple oak and walnut furniture, such as you will find on the stand of Mary Bellis. It suits modern taste and is now very rare and highly prized. Examples are in several private collections, as well as the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Birmingham Museum, the Peterborough Museum, the Lady Lever Art Gallery, the Burrell Collection, Glasgow, etc. A Barcheston speciality was the weaving of large maps of the English counties, and a fairly large number of cushion covers is also ascribed to the Sheldon manufactory.

Loose cushions were an even more essential part of the home in the days of solid oak seats than they are to-day, and many people who decry early furniture forget that they are looking at the bare bones of furniture without its cushioning. Our ancestors had no shortage of poultry to give them feathers or of sheep to give them wool, and even those who could not afford rich tapestries, needlework, velvets, etc., could still weave simple fabrics and dye them in cheerful colours with vegetable dyes. To complete a home furnished with fine antiques the chairs demand appropriate seat covers, walls and beds their correct hangings, and tables need rich runners. The place to find the pieces you are looking for is the stand of Arditti and Mayorcas, who include among their fabrics many lovely examples of English and French needlework and such rarities as Gothic velvets, Beauvais tapestry, linen embroideries and Stuart stumpwork. One of the most interesting exhibits which they are showing is a set of three late XVIIth- or early XVIIIth-century Venetian brocade panels, one of which appears in Fig. II. It is worked in gold thread and coloured silks on a purple-red ground, and is emblematic of "The Passion." The flagellation post is shown with the hole in the top and the tasselled cords; surmounting it is the cock crowing, signifying the denial by St. Peter. The hand of the High Priest denoting the buffeting, the dice thrown by the Roman soldiers, the chalice with the ears of wheat, the crown of thorns enclosing the three nails and the seamless gold coat are all repeated many times. Also cleverly worked into the pattern are the initials I.N.R.I., the Cross on Calvary Hill, the sponge on

the end of a pole, the spear, the hammer and tongs, and the ladder.

Fine lacquer, japanning, India or China work, as it is variously described in old inventories, has been prized in England since it was first introduced by the East India Company in the reign of Elizabeth I and soon imitated by our native craftsmen. To European eyes, a peculiarity of lacquer and, indeed, of most Oriental art, is that it is not merely at home with nearly all European period furnishing, but that a few well-chosen pieces add distinction to and gain distinction from their introduction into the furnishing scheme.

A piece that would add charm to almost any home and is particularly interesting because of its admixture of Oriental and English lacquer, is the XVIIIth-century secretaire, Fig. III, shown by Phillips of Hitchin. It measures 4 ft. 1½ in. in height, is 3 ft. wide and only 1 ft. 2 in. deep. During the late XVIIth and in the XVIIIth centuries, the East India Company imported panels of Chinese and Japanese lacquer, which could be bought in the London shops for insertion into furniture. They are usually described as "cutt Japann skreens." A reference to this habit of incorporating the imported panels into London-made furniture occurs in a letter from George Montague to Horace Walpole, dated March 12th, 1766, and referring to a furniture maker named Peter Langlois—"I will take my corporal oath that three parts of the japan you gave Langlois to make into commodos is still there, and so will Mr. Chute. He carried me to see his things, and there it was flowing about the room in pannels and on the staircase. . . ."

Did Langlois make this cabinet? That we shall probably never know, but he could have done, both on date and style. He is believed to have been a Frenchman and his trade card (Sir Ambrose Heal's *London Furniture Makers*), worded in English and French, shows that he worked in the French taste and used brass mounts. This cabinet is in the French taste of 1760-70 and has a black marble top, framed in gilt brass gadroon moulding and with gilt brass beads to the front panels. The front and the end panels show that they are Oriental imported, by their details, the cutting of their designs and the warm richness of tone of the deep reddish brown added to the black and gold lacquer. How the end panels were made concave after they were imported is not so easy to explain. The borders, which are of black and gold lacquer, also appear to be imported, judging by the interruption to the design at the junction of the secretaire fall with the top of the cupboard doors. The lacquering of the four feet of the guilloche ornament on the flared front angles and of the interior pigeon-holes and drawers in the secretaire is all English.

Among the outstanding furniture which M. Harris & Sons are showing this year is the magnificent Louis XV bombé-shaped commode, Fig. IV. It is in untouched condition and, as the plate shows, its colour is beautiful. It

Fig. III. A fine XVIIIth-century secretaire cabinet. English, manufactured in the French taste; it incorporates imported Oriental and English lacquer side by side. *Phillips of Hitchin.*



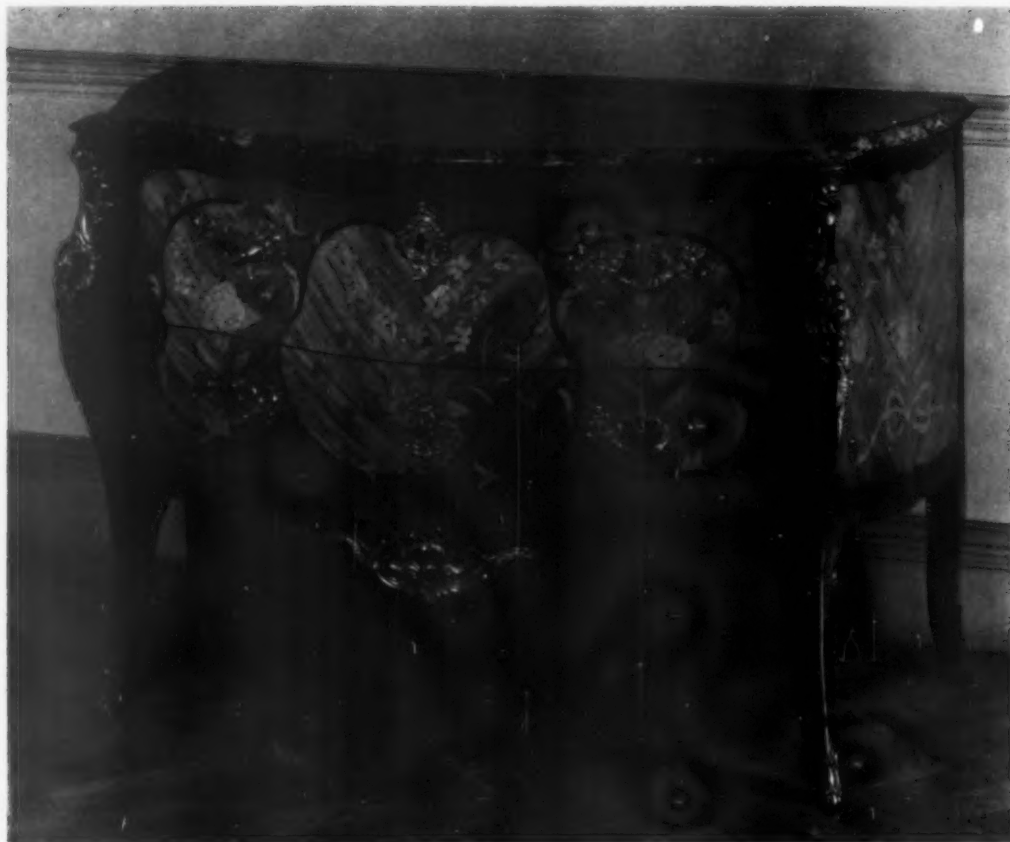


Fig. IV. A magnificent Louis XV ormolu mounted bombé-shaped commode of beautiful colour. Veneered with tulipwood, boxwood and kingwood on bois de rose ground. *M. Harris.*

is inlaid with floral marquetry in shaped panels veneered with tulipwood, boxwood and kingwood on bois de rose ground. The top is of green marble, moulded on the edges; the mounts to the angles, the feet, the apron and the drawer furniture are all of the finest chased ormolu. One of the tests of good design for a French piece of this period is that it should not look as though the mounts were merely an additional form of ornament to the curves, but that both should appear complementary and that the furniture would, in fact, look incomplete without the mounts. This example certainly passes that test with honours.

Another stand showing furniture of the highest quality is Mallett's, where is the superbly designed and dainty late XVIIIth-century inlaid satinwood table cabinet, Fig. V. Every detail about it represents the refinement of English cabinet-making at its very best. The long drawer contains a writing slide; the fall flap encloses a nest of small drawers. This little masterpiece, designed for a lady's boudoir, is only approximately 16 in. wide.

Mallett's are also showing the unique George III carved mahogany chairs, Fig. VI. Chairs with a monogram pierced in their backs could so easily have been vulgar and, handled by anyone other than a great master of design, they might also have been ugly. That they are, in fact, full of grace and dignity, however, can easily be seen by the picture of two from the set of eight (all without arms), which were probably made by William Vile. They originally belonged to the Round family of Birch Hall, Essex, were made for W. E. Round, Esq., and have the monogram W.E.R. carved and pierced in their ribbon-like back panels. The very high "pedestal" splats with single rococo piercings, which support the lettering, are particularly interesting and the general proportions and the whole symphony of curves which form the seats, front legs, backs and back legs are as pleasing to the eye as they are satisfying to the human form.



Fig. V. A masterpiece of chaste design and English cabinet-making. Late XVIIIth-century satinwood table cabinet with writing drawer. *Mallett.*

FURNITURE AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR



Fig. VI. Two from a unique set of eight chairs, probably designed by William Vile. Made for W. E. Round, whose monogram is cut in the back of each chair. *Mallett.*

when seated. The carving is restrained, but of superb quality.

A chair for a cottage can be as rare as one designed for a great house. Gilbert Morris specialise in nice, homely pieces, most of which were originally made for simple homes in Wales and the Border Counties. The early XVIIth-century Welsh chair, Fig. VII, was probably designed and made by some humble cottager as a present for his wife or mother. No great skill or large selection of tools was required, but you can see that its maker had original ideas and much patience, and that his work was a labour of love is shown by the heart in the top back rail. This elm chair is absolutely untouched, except that the seat has been re-rushed.



Fig. VII. An early XVIIth-century Welsh cottage chair of elm. An original and unusual outline, expressing rare individuality. *Gilbert Morris.*

A noticeable feature of Norman Adams' stand is the number of those very desirable simple pieces of Georgian furniture which are so eminently suited in scale to post-war homes. Figs. VIII and IX show two views of a neat and well-proportioned bow-fronted mahogany chest which actually comprises a twenty-four bottle wine cellar. This miniature piece—it is only 2 ft. 4 in. wide, 2 ft. 8 in. high and 1 ft. deep over the "bow"—is designed to simulate a four-drawer chest, but each "two drawers" form the front of one cellarette divided for twelve bottles.

So far we have not mentioned "Regency," so Fig. X repairs the omission with a picture of a delightful piece of



Figs. VIII and IX. A simple bow-fronted Georgian mahogany chest of drawers which, although of desirably small size, comprises a twenty-four bottle wine cellar. *Norman Adams.*

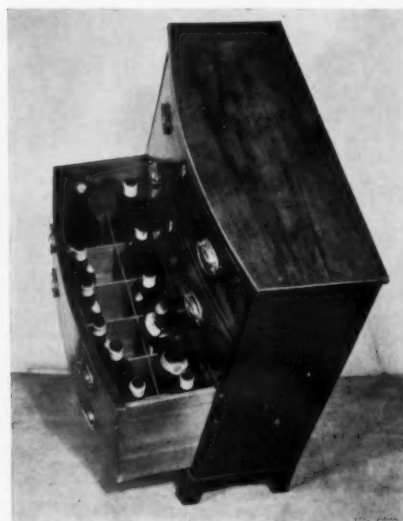




Fig. X. The daintiness and gaiety of Regency chinoiserie is exemplified in this attractive cabinet. Mann & Fleming.



Fig. XI. An Adam carved and gilded framed mirror of fine quality and dignified design. Maple & Co.

chinoiserie, reminiscent of some of the Brighton Pavilion furnishing. This little cabinet, circa 1810, is gaily decorated with panels of figures and flowers in natural colours on a black ground, in borders of flowers and leaves mainly in gold. The pierced gallery and feet are of gilt metal. All the accessories to Regency décor and furniture are to be found on Mann & Fleming's stand.

From the galaxy of mirrors which reflect the lights in the great ballroom of Grosvenor House, we select for illustration the Adam-framed example, Fig. XI, shown by Maple & Co. Surmounted by gilded Prince of Wales plumes and with carved, gilded, fringed and tasselled draperies suspended from rams' heads, it is dignity personified, and Maples are showing much fine furniture suited to keep it company.

The Tompion bracket clock, Fig. XII, to be found on the stand of Garrard & Co., is a real pedigree example.



Fig. XII. This handsome Tompion bracket clock in ebonised case, with chased ormolu mounts, is a rare example of a duplication of movement number by the master. Garrard & Co.

Fig. XIII. A fine quality classically designed Couba (Caucasian) carpet of early XVIIIth-century manufacture. The design of leaves, rosettes, etc., in cream, buff, green and blue is on a brilliant red ground. Vigo Art Galleries.

The case is ebonised with well-chased ormolu mounts; the height is 12½ in. The movement, No. 85, is interesting, being exceptionally large; it practically fills the case and has a pull quarter mechanism. It represents a very rare instance of Tompion numbering two clocks with the same number. The other 85 is similar, except that it has alarm mechanism in addition.

For our last picture, Fig. XIII, we illustrate a classically designed Couba carpet with a pattern of palmettes, serrated leaves, rosettes and star forms in shades of buff, cream, green and blue on a brilliant red ground. Of very early XVIIIth-century date and emanating from the Caucasus, this carpet measures 13 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. 10 in. and is one of many superb examples being shown by The Vigo Art Galleries.



SILVER at GROSVENOR HOUSE BY G. BERNARD HUGHES



Fig. I. William III silver travelling set, including an oval tumbler engraved with stag hunt, festoons of flowers above. Also spoon, fork, knife, spice box, nutmeg grater, marrow scoop, corkscrew and toothpick. By Charles Overing, London, 1701: the tumbler fully marked, the remainder bear the maker's mark. Messrs. Biggs of Maidenhead.

"ALL the shops of Milan, Rome, Venice and Florence could not equal in magnificence the quantity of silver I have seen offered in London," wrote an Italian visitor towards the end of the XVIth century. Unfortunately a great deal of this sumptuous plate was melted down to supply monarchs with revenue for personal extravagance. Fashion, too, was responsible for the destruction of silver that to-day would be almost priceless. With the introduction of new dining-table customs, the service of drinks and methods of cooking called for more up-to-date articles of silver plate. Out-moded family pieces were sent to the silversmith and a few weeks or months later returned in the form of beautiful new articles. Many old standing cups, flagons, rosewater dishes and ewers, and two-handled porringers live again in the form of elegantly designed salvers, tea-pots, candlesticks, standishes, punch bowls, tea-canisters and so on.

Lavish displays of such silver and silver-gilt plate are now gracing the silversmiths' stands at the Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House. Here the connoisseur and the purchaser alike will find cabinet after cabinet of radiant silver treasures of types which it would be impossible to view elsewhere under a single roof.

Of more than usual interest is a William III picnic set made in 1701 by Charles Overing, London (Fig. I). Exhibited by Messrs. E. T. Biggs and Sons, Ltd., Maidenhead, this consists of a tumbler finely engraved with an all-over hunting scene, together with a knife, fork, spoon, spice box, nutmeg grater, corkscrew, marrow (bone) scoop, and toothpick, all enclosed in a silver-mounted shagreen case. The tumbler is fully hall-marked and the remainder of the pieces bear the maker's mark.

Elizabethan physicians had advocated that all who could afford it should drink liquor only from vessels of silver, thus ensuring protection from the ills even then known to be associated with vessels of base metal. This custom became more widespread during the XVIIth century; even the newly established coaching inns of Charles II's day might

provide wealthy patrons with a side table of silver plate. It became customary for the traveller to carry his own small silver tumbler enclosed in a leather case. In 1664 Pepys bought a pair of silver travelling tumblers, and the magazine *APOLLO*, of 1704—just 250 years ago—printed a "lost" advertisement for "a gold tumbler of £100 value." Silver tumblers, now assiduously collected, remained an essential part of travelling equipment until the 1730's, when cups of salt-glazed stoneware became a practical alternative.

Such a tumbler was raised from a single disc of silver plate: the thickness of its rounded base was made proportionately greater than that of its vertical sides so that even if the vessel rocked from side to side in a coach or were placed on an uneven floor, it would not overturn. The diameter of a tumbler exceeded its depth, and the smooth, outer surface was usually engraved with a coat of arms, crest, or name and date encircling the outer lip. The tumbler included in a picnic set might be engraved with an all-over scenic design, often sporting in character, or with a pattern of closely scrolled flowers and foliage. Examples are known worked with repoussé and chased ornament, usually large flowers and a cartouche engraved with a coat of arms. The silver tumbler must be differentiated from the deeper beaker with its inserted base and its body joined vertically with an invisible seam. Several of these are on view in the Fair.

The picnic set illustrated (Fig. I) reminds us that at this time Englishmen delighted in flavouring their somewhat dull food with pungent spices such as cinnamon, capsicum and the like. Hence the inclusion of a tiny double spice box in the set. The cylindrical nutmeg grater might be used to powder nutmeg over certain foods, particularly at public eating houses. Its chief purpose, however, was to add zest to wine and other drinks.

It is surprising to find included a corkscrew, then known as a worm or bottle screw, protected by a sheath; this is probably the earliest authenticated example. The flat plate on the thumb ring enabled it to be used as a tobacco stopper. The long-bladed scoop was used for extracting



Fig. II. Charles II silver-gilt covered casket with lid: embossed with scallop shell motifs and acanthus leaves in high relief. Hall-mark London, 1676: maker's mark W W. Messrs. Bracher and Sydenham.

marrow from cooked bones and was a usual table accessory from the late XVIIth century until the early 1800's. Such tools were inventoried and catalogued throughout the period as marrow spoons.

Sumptuously embossed, chased and pounced oval caskets with convex sides and supported on four small scroll feet were fashionable table accessories during the period 1660 to 1700. The domed covers might be hinged or of the lift-off type, and were usually ornamented with scrolled wire handles, often designed in the form of elaborately spiralled snakes.

A magnificent silver-gilt example of such caskets, struck with the London hall-mark for 1676 and the maker's mark W W, is to be seen on the stand of Messrs. Bracher and



Fig. III. A Charles II mug with globular body and deep neck. Hall-mark London, 1682: maker's mark H.P. Messrs. Bracher and Sydenham.

Sydenham, Reading (Fig. II). This is skilfully embossed with scallop shell motifs and acanthus leaves in high relief. Container and cover are each raised from a single sheet of silver, the narrow plain rim of the box being engraved with a crest. Such boxes were made with closely fitting lids as containers for dry sweetmeats or for the ambered sugar lavishly used for disguising the roughness of many wines. Ambered sugar was prepared in the home by grinding in a mortar twenty parts of sugar, four parts of ambergris, and one part of musk.

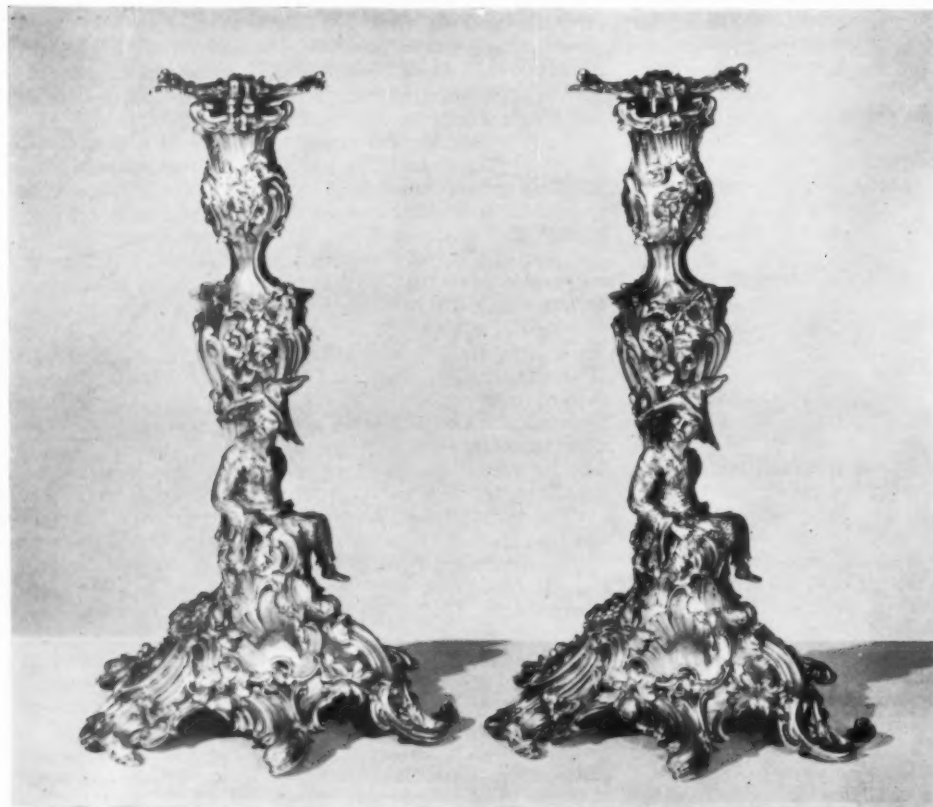
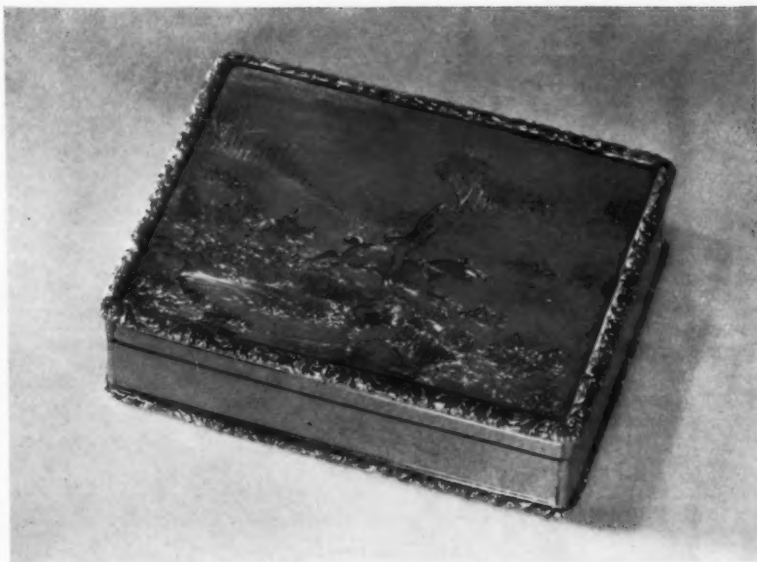


Fig. IV. A pair of cast candlesticks chased in high relief with flowers and scrolls: seated on top of the foot and leaning against the baluster stem is a Chinaman. By Lewis Herne and Francis Butty, London, 1761. Messrs. S. J. Phillips.

SILVER AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

Fig. V. Silver-gilt snuff-box engraved with a hunting scene after the style of Henry Alken's engraving "In Full Cry." By Joseph Willmore, Birmingham. c. 1820. Messrs. Garrard & Co., Ltd.



Messrs. Bracher and Sydenham also exhibit a rare type of Charles II silver mug with a globular body decorated with chased designs merging into a deep contracted neck encircled with reeding (Fig. III). This vessel is struck with the London date letter for 1682 and the maker's mark H.P. This form of drinking cup in silver dates from about a century and a half earlier, and suggests adaptation from medieval pottery drinking vessels. Lidded tankards of similar shape were also made, the lidless cup then being differentiated under the name of "tankard can" and, in the XVIIIth century, "tankard cup."

The array of Georgian candlesticks at Grosvenor House displays a complete range of designs and styles of craftsmanship reflecting the varying social moods of their day. Outstanding as works of extravagant craftsmanship are a pair of rococo candlesticks loaded with ornament. Asymmetrical cartouches, C-scrolls and floral patterns are cast and chased in high relief, with a figure of a Chinaman seated on the high dome of the foot of each candlestick and leaning against the slender waist of the baluster stem (Fig. IV). These were made in 1761 by Lewis Herne and Francis Butts, London, and were formerly in the Baron Cassel collection. A similar pair is illustrated in Jackson's *History of English Plate*.

Collections of snuff-boxes in English silver are becoming more frequent, but few examples are on the market dating earlier than the William III period. The late Elizabethan gallant carried his silver snuff-box, but it was Beau Nash, a century later, who introduced to London society the luxurious jewelled snuff-box. By 1705 the handling of the snuff-box and the correct way of conveying the snuff to the nostrils had become an important social accomplishment. Schools were established for teaching the art of snuff-taking.

Women snuff-takers of the XVIIIth century usually took

their snuff by means of a tiny spoon or nose shovel, a device which kept the nails clean. The silver snuff spoon was about two inches long, with a shallow oval bowl: others were shaped like shovels or ladles. Several silver snuff-boxes in the collection of H.M. the Queen, with notes concerning the XVIIIth-century owners, are accompanied by their original ladles. George IV's collection of several hundred magnificent gold and jewelled snuff-boxes was converted into personal jewellery for Queen Victoria.

Connoisseurs will examine with unusual delight the several snuff-boxes exhibited in which lid and sides are elaborately enriched by four decorative processes: repoussé worked into the metal from the interior and exterior; chiselling used on the metal as though it were wood; engraving.

Sporting snuff-boxes of the early XIXth century are noteworthy mementos of a great blood sport era. Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., exhibit a silver-gilt example (Fig. V), its lid engraved with a hunting scene after the style of a Henry Alken engraving, with richly carved borders. This was made in about 1820 by Joseph Willmore of Birmingham, a celebrated specialist in silver boxes of all kinds.

"Silver table basketts and fruit basketts" have graced English dessert tables since Elizabethan days. At first they were deep and without handles, and piled with fresh fruit. By the mid-1730's a swing handle might be fitted and the basket made from lighter gauge metal. Such baskets were still used for displaying fruit at dessert; several Georgian paintings such as Hogarth's "The Graham Children," in the National Gallery, show them put to this use.

One of the most unusual table baskets to be seen at the Fair is on the stand of Messrs. Wartski. This has a solid centre with a wide rim built from a continuous spray of hand-wrought flowers and foliage bound with a cable rim (Fig. VI). This is struck with the London hall-mark for 1814.



Fig. VI. Silver table basket with solid centre and wide rim of hand-wrought flowers and foliage bound with cable rim. London, 1814. Messrs. Wartski, Ltd.

CERAMICS AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR

THE British Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House is so much an established institution that one is inclined to visit it without giving much thought to the details of organisation which are necessary to bring it to life. It is easy to lose sight of the vast amount of time, labour, and expense that is expended yearly by the exhibitors to assemble the superb display of *objets d'art* of all kinds which we have come to expect from it.

A preview of the ceramics and glass included in this year's Fair shows that the now firmly rooted tradition of quality combined with rarity has, once more, been worthily upheld.

Among the more desirable of Chinese wares, those which have been decorated by enamelling directly on to the biscuit, instead of on to a glaze, have always been greatly prized. Whilst this technique had its beginnings in the XVIth century, the majority of surviving specimens undoubtedly belong to the latter part of the XVIIth, and Messrs. Sparks are showing a superb group of this period (Fig. 1) depicting a sage seated in an elaborate rock work shrine with two boy attendants. The colouring is brilliant, and the execution is in a palette characteristic of this class. It comprises green, yellow, and aubergine enamels, and the effect is unusually impressive. The period is that of the Ch'ing Emperor, K'ang Hsi.

Turning to European porcelain, Messrs. Delomosne are showing an unusually fine Worcester dessert service (Fig. II) to which the description "sumptuous" could well be applied. Quite apart from the numerous dishes in varying



Fig. 1. A sage in a rockwork shrine. Enamel on biscuit. Reign of the Emperor K'ang Hsi. (1662-1722.) 10 in. John Sparks, Ltd.

Fig. II. Part of an important dessert service decorated with landscapes and rustic scenes in the manner of O'Neale. Worcester. c. 1770. Delomosne & Son, Ltd.





One of the pair of wine coolers from the Worcester dessert service. *Courtesy Delomosne & Son.*

shapes and sizes, it rejoices in the possession of two magnificent wine-coolers (colour plate) which are complete with the covers and liners.

A distinguished feature is the series of central panels in the manner of the Irish miniature painter, Jeffrey Hamet O'Neale, the best known and finest of English porcelain decorators. O'Neale worked for a number of factories, but his mature style is at its best on Worcester porcelain, and the work here seen is reminiscent of that on the important series of signed vases which he executed for this factory. The delicately painted rustic scenes of buildings and ruins, and the slowly flowing rivers enlivened by figures of fishermen, are redolent of the peaceful XVIIIth century landscape, and provide a welcome escape from the grosser intrusions of XXth century "development."

The Royal factory at Meissen provided inspiration for all the English factories. That the Chelsea factory used their work systematically we know from surviving correspondence in which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Ambassador to the Court of Dresden, gave permission for the proprietor to select whatever was needed for the purpose from his London residence.

Messrs. Charles Woollett & Son are exhibiting an interesting pair of small figures of a Fisher Boy and Girl from Bow which were inspired, in the first place, by Meissen models. By some alchemy these models have been transmuted into the delightfully unsophisticated Bow style whilst preserving the original German inspiration, and the square bases are indicative of an early date (Fig. III).

Latterly, the early work of Coalbrookdale has become extremely popular among collectors of the finer varieties of

English porcelain. The founder, John Rose, was first apprenticed to Thomas Turner at Caughley, and later established a porcelain factory at Coalport, almost opposite the Caughley factory, on the other bank of the River Severn. In 1799 he absorbed his master's factory, and the quality of his wares was such that he was later able to take over the factories at both Nantgarw and Swansea. William Billingsley, himself, ended his days in Rose's employment.



Fig. III. A Fisher Boy and Girl. From the Tufnell Collection. 6 in. Bow. c. 1755. *Charles Woollett & Son.*



Fig. IV. Porcelain mantel-clock with original eight-day movement. 12½ in. Coalbrookdale. c. 1815. Lories, Ltd.

Messrs. Lories are showing an extremely unusual clock from this factory. The rococo scroll-work is decorated with the delicately modelled, many-petalled flowers which were a factory speciality. The movement has a finely chased dial, and is in perfect working order. Many European factories attached a certain importance to the production of the clock-case and the watch-holder, although most surviving examples are of Continental origin. This is a rare example of the clock-case which is complete with its original movement, and which is both functional and decorative (Fig. IV).

One of the more far-reaching and important innovations of the XVIIIth century was, undoubtedly, Wedgwood's perfection and popularization of cream-coloured earthenware. Although earthenware of this kind had been made in Staffordshire, and perhaps at Derby, for some years before Wedgwood began its manufacture, it can, for all practical purposes, be regarded as his invention. In 1765 he was extended the patronage of Queen Charlotte, and henceforth it was termed "Queen's Ware."

"Queen's Ware" enjoyed such wide popularity throughout England, and on the Continent, that it even succeeded in some degree in ousting porcelain from the high esteem in which it was then held, and this light, cream-coloured earthenware was extensively imitated in France and Germany. In Italy it is still referred to as *terraglia inglese*, which is sufficient indication of its effect in that country.

Whilst space precludes mention of many more examples of interest both to the collector and the student, the quality of the exhibits generally is as high as ever, and a visit will be no less rewarding than in former years.

Letters and Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 183)

a few years later. A similar cabbage-leaf embossed jug was made at Lowestoft.

The mask-lip spout was not uncommon in the second half of the XVIIIth century. It occurs on salt-glazed stonewares, sometimes modelled in relief but occasionally painted, as on the pear-shaped jug in the Schreiber Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, which was decorated in Holland about 1750.

Other mask-spouted jugs of a different shape were made at the Worcester factory—particularly a shapely pear-form in the 1770's. Jugs with portrait mask lips were also made at Derby after April, 1782. These were representations of Admiral Rodney (1719-12), who gained a notable victory over the French admiral De Grasse in the West Indies on April 12th, 1782.

Examples of similar mask-spouted jugs may be cited in cream or white earthenware of more or less contemporary date.

Dear Sir,—Your very interesting and instructive article about travelling and cuisine in France, is, I hope, based on material supplied. But you *really* must get a translator. "Loup" is not a wolf, but a rather coarse Mediterranean fish; you can't grill crayfish tails in cheese ("au gratin" is simply putting cheese grated over the dish and shoving it under the grill afterwards); nor does "au porto" mean that the trout is stuffed with it; equally no chicken is "burned" in France, even with brandy, and I have a faint feeling that your translator thinks that "Pâté" is the French for "pie," which doesn't exist in France in the context mentioned.

Yours faithfully

LEIGH ASHTON.

St. James' Club,
Piccadilly, W.1.

(1) Mr. Ashton is, I fear, confusing *loup* and *loup de mer*, a sea-fish resembling freshwater dace which is, as he rightly points out, "rather coarse"; wolf itself resembles venison. (2) *Truite farcie au porto* means, as stated, that port is used in the stuffing. (3) Chickens and kidneys can be burned in cognac or armagnac, lobsters in cognac or whisky, omelettes and bananas in rum, on being served. (4) The difference between grilling something in cheese and grilling it after putting cheese on it is a little too subtle for me, I'm afraid. (5) *Pâté* means meat paste; pies—those mentioned at Saulieu, for instance—are called *croustades*.

R. W. H.

Cover Plate

In the days when Hals was painting his first great Civic Guards Groups in Haarlem the name of power in that city of artists was Cornelis Cornelissen, whom we have learned to call Cornelis of Haarlem. He it was who, with Van Mander and Goltzius, kept the famous art school which was counteracting the native art with the 'classicism of Rome'; he who received the important commissions, including those for Civic Guards banquets which were Hals's models; he who was accepted as the official artist of the city. He had been born there in 1562, was abandoned there by his parents during the terrible siege of 1573, went to France in his early teens, thence to Antwerp, and, to escape the Spanish fury in that city in 1583, back to Haarlem, where he remained until he died in 1638, a person of ever-increasing importance in both art and civic circles.

He was a Protestant partisan and his commissioned pictures were often thinly disguised anti-Spanish propaganda, as so much work of the time was. When, therefore, the good burgomasters wished to present a picture to Prince Maurice of Orange, Cornelis was commissioned, and his first rendering of the subject of "Adam and Eve" had an honoured position over the fireplace in the Prinzenhof, and is now a treasure of the Rijksmuseum. This first essay is an artificial study of magnificent nudes; for the human body was Cornelis's passion, and his great reputation depended largely on his powers of painting it, both in classical and scriptural subjects. Even the serpent in the "Adam and Eve" leaned from the tree as a human form to proffer the apple. A second essay is in the Frans Hals Museum; a third in the Kunsthalle at Hamburg. Obviously, in all of them it has been the opportunity to paint the nude which has made its appeal, though in the last the serpent has become veritable serpent from end to end. Finally came the charming version which we reproduce, the figures more youthful and tenderly human, less theatrical, less posed. In all these pictures the artist's favourite dog and cat have their place in the Garden of Eden.

The panel is in the possession of Paul Larsen, Esq., and is to be seen along with other important Dutch and Flemish paintings, including some particularly lovely landscapes and flower-pieces, at his gallery in Duke Street.



Fig. 1. A Roadside Inn near Farley, Kent. William Shayer and E. C. Williams. *Newman's Galleries.*

HIGH SUMMER in ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

BY HORACE SHIPP

IF the second half of the XVIIIth century was the golden age of portraiture in British art, the first half of the XIXth was assuredly that of landscape. True, its beginnings had been magnificently made by Gainsborough and Richard Wilson, and the strong native genius for water-colour was already in full flow by the opening of the new century; but the great days of landscape in both media were yet to come. Indeed, they could only come when British artists turned their eyes from the Claudian vision of Italy to the subtle beauty of their native country under its prevailing changeful weather; and it is the glory of both Wilson and Gainsborough that they had the flair for this so long before, and were, each in his way, true to their vision, though it ran counter to the acceptable painting of their day. That the new thing was "in the air," and had to come, there can be no doubt; and—since we are concerned here not with the great names, but with the noble second-liners—we might pay a tribute to that fascinating creature, George Smith of Chichester, who, although he would put his pinch of salt on the classical altar by introducing a classical castle or such, was really interested in the romantic English countryside of his native Sussex. Perhaps, too, we should not forget his rival, Smith of Derby, who found his subjects around the Peak, and hovered on the verge of naturalism even if he never took the plunge. One might cite a score of others who were pointing to the rise in painting of the same romantic and nature movement which was so strongly manifest in the sister art of literature in those years, and it was when that movement triumphed that English landscape came fully into its own.

In achieving a rightful appreciation of the tremendous sweep of this movement in early XIXth-century landscape painting, the very greatness of the great names has proved a handicap. Constable, greatest of them all; Turner the

universal, whose romantic genius was to lead him far beyond the goal of the "natural" painters and to make their ideal but a milestone on his way; the two brilliant Norwich School men, Crome and Cotman; Bonington and Girtin the wonderful; David Cox, that wizard evoker of the English weather; Peter de Wint: the supreme masters are—dare we say it?—almost too well known. The result is that a great gulf lies between these so favoured few and the many who were also in those years practising this art of landscape. When we realise how many there were we realise also that there was bound to be an enormous amount of mediocre, or near mediocre, painting; but the level was astonishingly high, and there are moments when one crosses a gallery attracted by a picture so good that a great name is anticipated, only to discover that it is by a lesser man in an inspired moment. The example of F. W. Watts, who trod so hard upon the heels of the great Constable himself, comes immediately to mind.

It is one of the errors of criticism to work upon the assumption that Homer does not nod, and that the great artist is great all the time. The reverse of this is to assume that the lesser artist cannot at moments rise to first-rate achievement. These differences in art are differences of degree, not of kind; and although we know well that the great painter at his best cannot be approached by the lesser man and could never descend to the lower levels of that other at his worst, there is often a border-line where the two meet and occasionally cross. Nor are we unfamiliar with the phenomenon of a hitherto rather neglected artist being given promotion into the first rank by a change of fashion in his favour. The recent phenomenal rise into favour of Samuel Palmer illustrates the point. Palmer, however, is a highly stylised painter whose arbitrary mannerisms have caught the eye of our times: he is a modern who happened



Fig. II. *The Harvest Field*. Edward Williams. G. M. Lotinga Gallery.

to be living and working in the first half of last century, but to be out of step with the prevailing æsthetic of pure naturalism.

That æsthetic has been excellently said to be the presentation of nature in a manner "more likely to allay excitement, rather than to arouse it." Palmer, at his most characteristic, like any other of the group who came into contact with Blake and his subjectivist theories of art, would be unlikely to fit into so quietist a category. More typical of the time and of the insufficiently praised "little masters" of it are those diverse Williams who were something of a dynasty. Edward of the first generation married a sister of James Ward, whose "Gordale Scar," in the Tate Gallery, and stormy sunset view of "Harlech Castle" in the National Gallery, reveal what an exciting landscapist he was, alongside the romantic animal painter which is his first claim to fame in the story of our art. It was that poetic critic, Lewis Hind, who saw in Ward's sunset landscape of Harlech with its felled brown tree being carted away an unconscious symbol of the end of the brown tree in English landscape art. The work was painted in the first decade of the century. Sir George Beaumont's plea for the old classicism embodied in his famous question, "Where is your brown tree?" had been answered not only by Constable, but already by a score of others who were making the fight for nature's green. Many

years before, indeed, when the great Dr. Hunter had objected to de Louthembourg that a landscape was "too green," that pioneer of the new school had retorted by slashing in more green with the fierce remark, "Not green enough."

Back then to our dynasty of the Williams, who were to contribute much to this landscape art. Edward Williams of the second generation was a pupil of his illustrious uncle James Ward, and was the father of six artist sons, two of whom changed their name to Boddington to avoid the family congestion. Edward himself had sufficient individuality to show nothing of Ward's influence, and if we trace anything in his artistic ancestry it is the affinity with the Dutch masters Hobbema and Ruysdael. This whole body of our native landscape has strong roots in the XVIIth-century Dutch landscapists, but, as in Edward Williams's case, without servile imitation. The example we illustrate, "The Harvest Field," with its lovely open-air feeling and its romantic disregard of symmetry, is Edward Williams at his happiest, and typical of the unforced quality found so often in this early XIXth-century work.

In their degree the whole family of the Williams possess this feeling for the English countryside. E. C. Williams, greatest of the six sons of Edward, is endowed with the true rusticity of the time, a rusticity which had succeeded the urbanity of XVIIIth-century art and literature, and the theatrical rusticity of the connecting period of the picturesque. The family home at Barnes was in those days rural enough.

In the "Roadside Inn near Farley, Kent," we find Williams collaborating with that pre-eminently good landscapist of the period, William Shayer, another of the artists whose work has earned increasing appreciation during recent years. Deservedly so, for his paintings of the scenery around his native Southampton are among the most delightful of their kind. This prolific artist—he painted nearly five hundred pictures—may be inclined to work to something of a formula: the grouped rustics in a shady lane, broken sandy banks on which romantically ancient trees grow, the peep of sky from which the light flows. His charm, however, depends largely upon his lighting—formula again, maybe—and his reflection of light into the shadows. Even the faces are often first shadowed by wide-brimmed hats and then illuminated by this reflected light. We may think he did it too often; but it is well to remember that the discoveries and methods of the impressionists in this matter of light were



Fig. III. *Landscape*. F. W. Watts. Maurice Bernard.

Frederick William Watts is one of the artists of the period whose reputation has long been overshadowed by the greatness of Constable because of the strange likeness of his painting to that of the master. It is one of the curiosities of art; for Watts, so far as we can ascertain, had no contact with and no tuition from Constable. He nevertheless painted the same scenery in the same manner, and, at his happiest, can be mistaken for Constable himself. His landscapes are being increasingly appreciated for their own quality, beauty, and breadth of treatment.

HIGH SUMMER IN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

still half a century away in the future, and that Constable, with his scientific approach and conscious direct observation, was treading the lonely path which were to lead to them. Our landscapists in those first years of the century were frankly picture-makers. It is remarkable, therefore, how faithful to nature they were; faithful to the landscape itself, to the rustic figures and animals which were their staffage, and to the chance effects of light.

It is noticeable how many of these men were countrymen whose art continued to exploit the pictorial possibilities of their own localities. East Anglia, both because it offered nature in the most alluring of lights from the wide skies, and because it had received the strongest impact of the earlier Dutch landscape art, provided the most impressive and the greatest number of artists. The great names of the Norwich School are closely followed by the secondary men who could be so excellent in their turn. James Stark; George Vincent, who made such a flying start and had such a short tragic career and early obscure end; Crome's greatest pupils lead that group, with his brother-in-law, Robert Ladbrooke, and his most famous son, J. B. Crome. How good an artist the lesser-known W. H. Crome was can be appreciated from the lovely extensive "View of Ripon," painted in 1843, which we illustrate. By the time this was painted the battle for pure nature had been splendidly won.

All over England artists had arisen who preserved for us the lovely face of the countryside in those years before the coming of the railways, and with them the vast disease of the industrial revolution. The provincial cities and rising towns were still in close contact with the green fields and the rural life which pressed against them. Even Birmingham, one of the earliest to drive back the country, was a comparatively small place, and if David Cox bears the most illustrious name, there were other artists in the city. There was the minor dynasty of the Lines family: Samuel the Elder, who came from Coventry and opened his art academy at Birmingham; Samuel Restell Lines, his most illustrious son, famous for his painting of trees; and the Henry Lines who was the artist of "The Floodgate" which we illustrate, and of whom we know all too little, for I feel that Constable himself would have approved of that truly rural scene.

From Bristol, that other more-established city (with Liverpool it had grown rich with the slave trade), we have the noble contribution of William James Müller. This artist, in the brief period of his working life, for he died when he was thirty-three, made a remarkable contribution to landscape art. He was for a time a pupil of that remarkable person J. B. Pyne, who was not only an exponent of the Turner-esque (often with brilliance), but an art teacher who offered to expound the whole art of landscape painting in twelve lessons. Whatever benefit Müller, the son of the



Fig. IV. The Floodgate. H. Lines. *Leger Galleries*.

curator of Bristol Art Gallery, gained from his twelve lessons, he learned a great deal more from Nature, for he worked often out-of-doors at his pictures, travelled extensively in Europe, the Nile Valley and the Near East, and then, as our illustration "Haymaking near Gillingham" reveals, explored the English countryside. What might have happened to this genius had he lived is as fascinating a speculation as that upon Bonington himself.

Wherever we look during those years of the end of the XVIIIth century and the first half of the XIXth, this art of landscape in Britain flourished. Even a painter so definitely concerned with the sea and ships as J. T. Serres gives us a lovely view of the upper Thames. From beginnings which still cling to classicism and the Italianate, yet feel out towards native painting, such as Thomas Jones of Wales or George Barret, Senr., of Ireland, to the purely naturalistic landscape with rustic figures and animals of the XIXth-



Fig. V. View of Ripon. W. H. Crome. *Leggatt Brothers*.



Fig. VI. Haymaking near Gillingham. W. J. Müller. *Thomas Agnew's*.



Fig. VII. Thames from Keen Edge Ferry, Shillingford. J. T. Serres. Parker's Gallery.

Because his excellent marine art caused John Thomas Serres to succeed his father, Dominick Serres, as the official Marine Painter to King George III, and because he was the author of that delightful work on the subject, *Liber Nauticus*, we tend to think of Serres simply as a marine artist. The boats he loved and drew so well, however, sailed the inland waterways, and, as this example shows, his landscapes of Thames scenery give him a place among the early XIXth-century landscapists who were governed by romanticism and the appreciation of English natural scenery.

century English school when that same George Barret's two sons, George, Jr., and James, were using flicks of white paint and a kind of impressionistic lack of form in their figures, this high summer of English landscape painting in Britain lived on through mellow halcyon days. The Royal Academy, the British Institution at one period, the Society of British Artists, and other organisations for the encourage-

ment of art fostered the painters; a nation growing marvelously prosperous as it led the new industrial age provided patrons in plenty; but most of all it was the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the age, which created at once our splendid heritage of poetry in those years and an appreciation of the art which so humbly and richly portrayed the beauty of the English countryside.

Fig. VIII. Landscape. Thomas Jones. John Mitchell.



EVENTS IN PARIS

THE characteristically spring exhibition is that called "Palettes de fleurs" at the Galerie Framond. Delacroix said once that the best way to learn how to contrast tones was to arrange a vase of flowers, and it is, of necessity, a subject which appeals most to colourists. But flowers also serve as a basis for all psychological and stylistic eccentricities, and the Framond exhibition gives us a glimpse of how each painter projects his personality into a subject which, like all others, has a different appearance for different eyes. For Renoir, roses have the same shade as his model's flesh, while for Gauguin mysterious ochre sunflowers in a curious Polynesian pot belong to the world of Noa-noa, the hauntingly inexpressible. It is unfortunate that this picture, which dates from 1901 (the Marquesas period) but suggests the palette borrowed off van Gogh at Arles some years before, should have been framed in gilt, which completely eclipses the delicate yellow and buff harmonies. For Bonnard as for Vuillard, flowers are a dazzling amalgam of colour pure, reflected in artificial light; but for their successors, Cavaillès, Legueult and Terechkovitch, the light is brazenly tropical-noon and the effect more fluid, with less impasto. A small flowerpiece by Delacroix announces Renoir, and Kisling, too, infuses colour with a strong sensual undercurrent: the essential factor for these painters is that flowers have a life of their own and that their seasons symbolically resemble our own. Monticelli, the Provençal painter whose quotation value in the sales has not ceased to rise since the war, also sees petals as glimmering fleshly lights emerging from a dark bituminous universe. Monticelli is best when he is most Renoiresque—as in flower subjects. His landscape work, despite its evident sincerity, has a biscuit-box flavour about it, too much black and too much baroque, a glut of aesthetic knick-knackery; when he was at his most inspired he tended to reproduce only the sort of heavy morbid atmosphere one senses behind lace curtains in provincial drawing-rooms on Sunday afternoons. But Monticelli, who died in 1886, clearly occupies a higher place in the development of colourism than is generally granted him, and one wonders why it has taken so long for the collectors to rally.

Also at the Framond one spots a Dufy symphony of floral gaiety and an excellent Dunoyer de Segonzac water-colour of the same contrasted peasant matter-of-factness and Parisian brilliance. Francis Gruber, whose fame was chiefly established with his pathetic figure work, is seen in one of his richest subjects, flowers in a landscape. All the moving quality of Gruber's incisive drawing emerge in this sort of subject, and the stark angular lines which have been to post-war graphists what Toulouse-Lautrec was to the Bateau-Lavoir group have a force and simplicity which his imitators have rarely copied. The essentially academic picture of Chapelain-Midy is very close to Gruber's in treatment; but here the dominant green—the most treacherous colour in painting, I think—is the green of verdant undergrowth with no eloquent subconscious significance, and one comes back to where one started—namely, that the same bouquet of flowers is a different vision for everyone and the difference of vision between the concentration camp victim Gruber and the placid School of Fine Arts teacher Chapelain-Midy may easily be as thin as the difference between Marx and Luther.

The Louis Carré Gallery shows the latest pictures by Borès, naïve figure subjects in pale fresco-like colours which might have been inspired by the old church murals of his native Spain but which were more probably due to the influence of Campigli. Dilettantish, the art of Borès has a certain decorative quality against a white wall, but nothing more. The Galerie Creuze shows the Japanese painter Jun Dobashi, who has had six exhibitions in Tokyo since the war and who won, in 1952, the Kofukai prize.

Jun Dobashi, who painted in France before the war and who includes some pictures of Paris and Brittany in the show, is very Europeanised in his work, reducing landscape



La Pleureuse. Andréou

Galerie Simone Badinier

to ellipses and other geometrical forms in a semi-naturalistic Marchand-Pignon manner. Marchand himself exhibits recent pictures of masterly force at the Galerie Visconti, while the Galerie Charpentier has a big synthesis exhibition, "Bread and Wine in Painting, from the XVIth Century to the Present Day"; the Galerie Le Garrec-Sagot showed a very interesting fifty years of colour lithographs, from Manet to Utrillo, and the Galerie Marcel Bernheim the imaginative canvases of Clementine Ballot. At the Musée d'Art Moderne, the Salon de Mai groups all the tendencies of contemporary painting and sculpture.

"Drawing is three and a half quarters of painting." This is part of a quotation from Ingres which one finds in the catalogue of an exhibition of drawings at the Galerie Bignou. Ingres is not often quoted these days, less because of the XIXth-century triumph of colour over form (to-day we tend to see a reverse) than because *M. le Sénateur Ingres* represented academism and reaction in his revolutionary times. When Buffet, Minaux, Segovia and two other young painters (Ganne and Capron) pick on Ingres to introduce their latest drawings, it is perhaps not unfair to see a significant desire on the part of young painters to give painting that stability which art and life lacks to-day. Minaux, with his rocklike figures and massive-rooted olive trees, dominates this exhibition and clearly shows, psychologically, both by his subjects and the treatment, a desire for foundations. Buffet escapes from his comfortable despair to a more humanitarian approach to life in animal subjects, while Segovia has a powerful sense of austere values. I persist in believing that when bright colour one day catches up with Minaux—as all things catch up with all artists one day or another—the second half of the XXth century will have found its painter.

At the Simone Badinier Gallery, the Greek sculptor Andréou exhibits sculpture in soldered copper, filed in places to give the highlights effectively, some small bronzes and gilded terra-cotta work and forceful charcoal drawings with a great sense of rhythms and volume. Andréou, in whom the human element is extremely strong, sees most subjects on a large and very passionate scale, and some of his latest work, for instance, "La pleureuse" or the revolving "Oiseau de feu," promise well. A suggestion: some of his subjects might translate better in grained woods—zebramona, for instance. The Galerie Craven showed the beaten iron work of Robert Muller, also very forceful but of more surrealistic inspiration.

At the Beaux-Arts Gallery, the three Rieseners, grandfather and father (cabinetmakers) and grandson Léon (a painter much admired by Renoir, who drew his deathbed portrait), share an unusual "retrospective." Most of the Riesener furniture comes from ministries and palaces and needs no comment. Riesener fils was Delacroix's uncle, but his cousin Léon seems to have remained undecided between romanticism and classic portraiture.

R. W. H.

VIEWS AND NEWS OF ART IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR ERIK LARSEN, *Litt.D., M.A.*

OTHER matters having been more pressing, I lacked time and space to deal with two shows featuring the technical approach to paintings, ancient as well as modern. The exhibits were nevertheless deserving of our attention, and I therefore plan to make up now for my omission. The first one, entitled "True or False," hung at Wildenstein's. It was organised in Europe by the Stedelijk Museum of Amsterdam, Holland; circulated in the United States by the Corning Museum of Glass; and comprised 63 items made up of fakes, authentic paintings, photographs and charts. Glaringly weak in the compartment relative to authentic works, most points were made by graphical means. Thus it became very hard to make pertinent comparisons between forgeries and authentic works. The failure to juxtapose true and false restricted the exhibit to mere didactics and robbed it of its main interest. There is only one way to drive home the difference between a fake and an authentic work, and that consists of hanging them side by side. As far as this writer was concerned, the main attraction was the showing of Hans van Meegeren's "The Washing of the Feet," which the Rijkmuseum of Amsterdam had in 1943 acquired as a Vermeer, at the cost of \$300,000!

It is of course always easy to be wise *après coup*; nevertheless, I completely fail to understand how this trite and common canvas could ever have been mistaken for a XVIIth-century original. A reproduction of "The Disciples at Emmaus" was placed next to it. As the painting's authenticity, or lack of it, is still subject to a Belgian court decision, I confess to harbouring more hesitations than Mr. M. van Dantzig—the chief organiser of "True and False." He, for one, unfalteringly damned it as that "infamous" forgery by van Meegeren. The very same Dutch scholar has dogmatically constructed his own method of approach—he calls it "Pictology"—by which he claims to discern unfailingly between fakes and originals. In fact, his theories have met with little success in this country, in spite of Mr. van Dantzig's repeated attempts to popularise them via radio and television. This is what Emily Genauer, art critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, had to say (January 24, 1954): "... Mr. van Dantzig's theories, expounded in charts and diagrams, are so arbitrary, so mechanical, so patently absurd that, when they manage to be intelligible at all, they are highly shocking as the work of a serious scholar. For instance, he solemnly and pompously declares that in an original work, colours of the main subject are 'vivid and variegated' while in an imitation they are 'sober'; the number of details is large while in the fake they are small; general tone is light while in imitations it is dark. He goes on and on with other equally ridiculous and readily refutable statements, illustrating them with photographs of works in which the most obvious distinctions between original and forgery are overlooked entirely."

Concurrently with "True and False," the Brooklyn Museum opened another show called "Take Care," which differed from the former in that it was positive and constructive. Painstakingly assembled by the Museum's restorer and Head of the Laboratory, Mr. Sheldon Keck, "Take Care" covered the whole range of painting preservation. Its scope extended from the relatively simple safety measures within reach of collectors and amateurs to the professional's impressive array of scientific auxiliaries—such as photographs taken by raking light; ultra-violet and infra-red examinations; X-ray machines; chemical and physical tests. A half-hour movie-picture explained modern conservation techniques, as well as expert sleuthing methods,



Bridges of Paris

LEO MICHELSON

to be applied in case the examiner's suspicion becomes aroused.

The main revelation of the show was that modern masters seem to be as much in need of constant looking-after as ancient paintings. This is certainly due to the fact that shoddy and untested materials were often made use of by impecunious and/or unwary artists. Mr. Keck, who is also associated with the Salomon R. Guggenheim Museum, tells that a surprising number of contemporary paintings are already in urgent need of his attention.

"Take Care" was welcome proof that we finally possess in this country a number of informed and skilled technicians, who are qualified craftsmen, excellent restorers and trained investigators. Our cultural heritage is safe with men like Mr. Sheldon Keck, who, it should not be forgotten, is ably assisted by his wife Caroline. The latter is the author of a most useful primer *How to Take Care of Your Pictures*, published conjointly by The Brooklyn Museum and The Museum of Modern Art.

The Pierpont Morgan Library features another "first." This time, the acquisition of *The Constance Missal*, one of three copies known of the earliest surviving book printed in the modern manner from movable cast-metal type. It was done by Johann Gutenberg around 1450 and antedates the printer's famous *Bible* that came off the press in 1456. The famous New York institution can now point with pride to its ownership of the three greatest monuments in printing: the missal, the Bible and the second Mainz Psalter, dated 1459.

Before closing this month's report, I want to say a few words about a modern artist whose techniques and colour scheme caught my eye. He is Leo Michelson and exhibits currently at the Fine Art Associates in New York. The artist is of Russian origin and spent his formative years in Paris. He has devised a way of painting consisting of pigments ground to powders, used with a sparing amount of painting medium. By spreading out these materials in superimposed layers, he achieves a sort of transparency in spite of the opacity of his painting strata. The general effect is most decorative and enhanced by solid draughtsmanship. His palette consists of striking yellow, blue and red hues. My favourites were: "Bridges of Paris" (see illustration) and "Yellow Roses."

EVENTS IN HOLLAND

THE Dutch Antique Dealers' Association has just published its annual report for 1953. The total export of works of art from the Netherlands surpassed 4 million guilders in the last year, whereas the import figures in the same period ran over 2 million guilders. In Great Britain only, no less than one million guilders have been spent by the combined Dutch art dealers with purchasing old master paintings and antiques. France comes in the second place with half a million, followed by Germany with a quarter million guilders. The value of acquisitions in the United States of America amounts just to one thousand pounds, and the digits for Italy are not much higher. About half of the total export went to the dollar area.

Actually a tax of over 15 per cent has to be paid on importation of most antiques into Holland. As in most other European countries works of art are free of duties, a new Bill has been introduced in order to free the antique trade from this heavy burden.

The Boymans Museum in Rotterdam devotes its activities to French art this summer. Till June 8th a notable exhibition of the œuvre of Henri Matisse is going on. The show comprises paintings, sculpture and drawings by the almost 85 years' old master. The collection brings to the fore nearly all bronzes which have been created by the French artist, a genre which seldom has been exhibited and has fallen into oblivion. Simultaneously, also till June 8th, the work of the Swiss-born Félix-Edouard Vallotton, who lived in Paris, is to be seen. Seventy pictures, a choice of prints and designs give a complete survey of the development of this artist as painter, draughtsman and wood-engraver. Finally, the director of the Boymans Museum, J. C. Ebbinghe Wubben, announces a big summer exhibition of French XVIIIth-century still-lives.

After complete restoration the museum in Gouda has been reopened. This gallery got as a loan, for a couple of years, a considerable part of the well-known collection of G. Delmonte, formerly in Brussels. There are a number of fine pictures in this collection, mostly Dutch XVIIIth-century masters and a few examples from foreign schools. Some discussion will arise, however, about the attributions of various pictures to very great masters, as, for instance, Greco, Goya, Rembrandt, Carel Fabritius, Rubens, van Dyck and others. But the varied collection comprises good examples of middle-class painters and is certainly worth while to be seen.

The print room of the Rijksmuseum has on show modern drawings and engravings which have been bought by the director, Prof. Dr. J. Q. v. Regteren-Altena, in the years after the war. He presents a varied collection of widely divergent pieces. British artists figure with Sir Edward Burne-Jones, W. Holman Hunt, Charles Shannon and Augustus John. Continental masters include Degas, Renoir, Modigliani, Daumier, Rodin, Foujita, figure studies by Kokoschka, whole series by the Flemish Rik Wouters and many Dutch contemporaries.

At present the print room of the Rijksmuseum exhibits, during the whole month, "Florentine drawings from 1500-1550," with specimens by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Michelangelo from the museums of Florence, Rome and Venice. The big summer exhibition in Amsterdam has the title "4000 years of Asiatic Art"; it promises to become a very important manifestation which will be organised in collaboration with the Dutch Society of Friends of Asiatic Art. Considerable loans from about 70 collections in the Netherlands are to be shown and the explanatory notes of the works of art will be given in English, too, for the convenience of foreign visitors.

The Municipal Museum of the Hague came again in the focus of publicity. In this gallery 4,200 pictures are put up of which only 600 are to be seen continuously. Twelve hundred are exhibited alternately and about another 1,000



GIORGIO MORANDI

*Courtesy of the Municipal Museum
The Hague*

paintings are lent for various purposes. As more than 700 pictures are permanently kept in the vaults and never available for the public, the aldermen of The Hague seriously consider eventual sale.

Till the first week of this month the same museum presents an outstanding exhibition of sixty pictures and nearly the complete graphic work of Giorgio Morandi from Bologna, who is considered as perhaps the greatest living painter in Italy. A good survey of his œuvre is given for the first time with his landscapes and still-lives, especially with the group of his famous "bottle" still-lives in subtle colours. Vitale Bloch wrote a witty introduction for the catalogue of this exhibition, which, however, could not be printed in full on account of its polemical tendency.

The last sale at Mak van Waay in Amsterdam gave some notable results. A musical company by Jan van Hemessen brought 3,600 guilders; the top price was reached with 7,200 guilders for a "Nativity" by Aertgen van Leyden, a composition which is known in several versions. Good prices have been paid for many pieces of Louis Quinze and Louis Seize furniture. On the other hand, a provincial sale at the Castle Wylre in Gulpen gave minor results. A so-called Rembrandt with expertises realised 4,500 guilders, a "Potter" 2,700 guilders, and a "Teniers" 450 guilders. The native town of Gerard Terborgh, Deventer, could acquire a portrait of Burgomaster Niland by Terborgh from the French trade for about 1,800 guineas.

The works of art recovered from Germany after the war still form a problem. The Minister of Education, Art and Sciences declared in the First Chamber that 90 per cent of the art treasures which had come in German hands during the occupation could be brought back. The Secretary of State paid special tribute to the Western Allies for their help and collaboration; 4,000 pictures, several thousand drawings and pieces of furniture, 400 carpets and numerous small works of art with a total value of 16 million guilders returned to Holland, including the collections Mannheimer, Gutmann and Lanz. A part of these treasures came into Dutch museums and in the possession of former private owners; another part came in the hands of the art trade. H. M. C.

LONDON NOTES

BY MARY SORRELL

CONTINENTAL holidays or lazy afternoons spent among the beauties of our English countryside are in full swing again, but there is no need to go any farther afield than Syon Lodge, Isleworth, once the Dower House of Syon House, to achieve either of these desires. On the other side of the twelve-foot-high brick wall you enter a world of pure fantasy as you wander about the nine acres of land, for there Mr. Bert and Mr. Alf Crowther have collected the most amazing mass of treasures. Hours are quite insufficient—you need days. Not only is it a collector's paradise, but one to be enjoyed equally by the layman. The Brothers Crowther buy from old country or town houses that are being dismembered, and they specialise in oak and pinewood panelling. When whole rooms are pulled down the pieces are then sent to Syon Lodge where the paint and dirt of centuries is removed. About the grounds these pieces are temporarily reassembled, and I went into many of the panelled "huts" of varying sizes, often elegantly furnished in keeping with the period. Adorning the arcadian gardens were myriad statues and fountains, to say nothing of the Greek temple, an Italian loggia, and a French sedan chair (waiting to be installed in some hall as a telephone box!).

Many of those pinewood panels were carved in Elizabethan days when the great country mansions were often built in the form of the letter "E," with a projecting wing at either corner sheltering a central part. Our humble divan now takes the place of their four-poster bed, elaborately carved, and hung with luxurious materials. At Arditti and Mayorcas in Jermyn Street I saw some of these beautiful hangings, and one Elizabethan panel of hunting and garden scenes was worked with silk and wool in extraordinarily fine petit-point. This firm specialises in period textiles, and also in altar frontals and church vestments, and they have a number of rare specimens. Of these a Florentine Gothic blue velvet panel, circa A.D. 1450, was very lovely. Another panel of the late XVIIth or early XVIIIth century, in Venetian brocade of gold thread and silks on purplish red ground, had a most interesting and imaginative design symbolising the Crucifixion. Some little period cushions of differing sizes and shapes would be ideal to carry on journeys, as head rests. And I admired the fine tapestry depicting the coat of arms of Leopold of Austria and his wife Margharita Theresa, daughter of the Spanish Emperor. It was made in Hungary about 1650.

Turning into Old Bond Street, I went to the Leger Galleries to look at some of their old masters. One can see them easily, for they are hung in a single line around the rooms, which is much more gratifying than lines piled above and below one another. Constable's portrait of "Dr. Walker" certainly dominated one room, and the artist has signed and dated this picture, which is unusual, for he often neglected to do so. Who was Dr. Walker? This I have been unable to determine, but obviously he was a man interested in human nature, and here looks deep in thought, contemplating perhaps the painter himself. It is a particularly striking portrait, as the pale face, full of wisdom, emerges from the dark background. On another wall I found a large still-life—a conglomeration of fish, fruit and bric-à-brac—painted by the Dutchman Andries de Coninck about 1660, in the tradition of Jan de Heen. Here also were three splendid paintings by Etty (1787-1849), whose nudes follow the great tradition of Rubens and Titian. A big composition of "Pluto carrying away Proserpine" is an excellent example of Etty's more ambitious work, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839 and 1872.



William Kent Room Pine Panelling

Courtesy Bert Crowther

When talking with Mr. Hawkings of the firm Messrs. Phillips, Son & Neale, Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, I noticed the ivory head (minus its handle) of the hammer with which he knocks down the final bid—a much simpler process than of old, when impatient buyers had to wait until the hour-glass had expired, or for the last flicker of the candle. These auctioneers held their fifteen thousandth sale in the history of the firm on March 23rd last, the first having taken place on April 23rd, 1796, when Harry Phillips put up for auction the "neat and elegant contents of a small house in Crown Street, Westminster." To mark the occasion of this big anniversary an evening party was held, and an exceptionally wide variety of articles were displayed. The fifteen thousandth sale comprised French furniture (including a fine Louis XV commode, with the rare signature of Doirat), English and Oriental porcelain, carpets and rugs. In adjoining rooms were displayed Georgian silver and jewellery—even furs, costumes and lace! The coins and Oriental works were dealt with by Glendining & Co., who are associated with Phillips, and who also occupy Blenstock House. For the modest sum of sixpence you may buy an illustrated booklet entitled "15000 Sales by Auction," and to walk round the rooms is a veritable "voyage of discovery."

This might also be said of the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street, where the adventurous spirit of the Directors manifests itself in the exciting medley of paintings one usually finds on the walls, from Old Masters to ultra-moderns. This month Jack Taylor, a young artist of 24, is holding his first exhibition there and it is a truly remarkable show, more so when we realise that Taylor has never had a painting lesson in his life, has never been out of England, and seldom strays from the City of London. Added to this he can neither read nor write, but genius will reveal itself under any conditions. The subject-matter is varied, yet everything is painted entirely from imagination, and "The City" that Jack Taylor creates and peoples exists only in his mind. Obviously he is much interested in architecture, and this passion may probably have been aroused by the time he spent last year working as a builder's labourer, actually carting away rubble from a site outside the Redfern Gallery. An unpleasant job indeed, but one that led to a wonderful stroke of luck, for he was persuaded by one of his mates to show some pictures to the Directors of this Gallery, resulting in the present exhibition. He is a true primitive artist with a fine sense of colour that in "The Architects" can be as Oriental and decorative as Persian art, or sombrely tranquil as the very moving "The Ninth Hour," which is not only inspired but inspiring.

LETTERS and Answers to Correspondents

The Editor, APOLLO.

ICE AND PEAT BUCKETS

Dear Sir,—I have recently found in an attic two buckets, one similar to the photograph which appeared in your September, 1952, issue in a group of furniture offered by Messrs. Duncombe of Helmsley, Yorks. The other bucket is made to carry a large number of dinner plates.

Messrs. Duncombe describe their bucket as an "Old Irish peat bucket." I should have thought that the bucket here was designed to carry wines from the cellar. I would be grateful for your comments.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HOLE.

Caunton Manor, Nottinghamshire.

With regard to the above inquiry, the bucket is an ice pail or ice bucket. One can be certain of that, even without knowing its size, because the dipped edge type like this were only made as ice buckets, the dip forming a bed for the neck of the bottle. In addition to this type, however, there are also straight-sided circular buckets which were made for holding peat and for icing wine. The ice buckets are usually in the neighbourhood of 12 in. high, whilst the peat buckets are 20 in. or more in height and proportionately larger in diameter. Without knowing the height of our correspondent's bucket, we cannot say which his "find" is.

Wine carriers were entirely different objects, but in the main they were made with a number of compartments which held the bottles horizontally, just as they had been stored in racks in the cellar.

NIGHT WATCHMAN TOBY JUG

Dear Sir,—Whilst visiting the house of a friend and subscriber of your magazine I was shown the article on Toby Jugs in your October issue. I have for some time been making inquiries about an unusual and very old jug in my possession. I do not seem to be able to gather any concrete information and I was advised by my friend that you may be able to help me. I should greatly appreciate any suggestions you could offer. The jug is in the form of an old man wearing a white wig, brown three-quarter coat, black knee breeches, stockings and black buckle-shoes; he is holding a brimmed hat, also black, on his knee and holding an octagon lantern which is resting on the ground and which is coloured blue and yellow. The necktie is white and a full white sleeve shows beneath the coat sleeve. The face is finely modelled and the hands are too; there is only very slight colouring of red on the cheeks and the eyebrows and eyes are just black.

The only marks underneath the jug, i.e., on the base, are E/- and what appears to be a X, but smeared in the glaze, and also a beared circle.

The bottom of the jug is multi-coloured in brown, blue, black and yellow.

If this is an infringement on your valuable time I must apologise, but I am not a collector and my curiosity is aroused by folk who realise I do not understand it, all desirous of buying it. Yet no one offers me information, just like it, etc., as it is obviously very old and needs very careful handling.

Yours sincerely,
LANCE S. MILLS.

* * *

The popularity of the original Toby jug was such that the Staffordshire and Yorkshire potters, not to mention those farther afield, were encouraged to model and manufacture variants to meet the rising demand. Thus additional forms, male and female, some seated, others standing, became common at the end of the XVIIIth and the beginning of the XIXth century. The original rather greyish glaze colourings by that time, of course, had been generally abandoned in favour of brighter enamel colourings. Potting too, was, on the whole, rather less thin and skilful, and the actual shapes of the pieces tended to a crude vulgarity.

The jug which you describe as being "in the form of an old man wearing a white wig, brown three-quarter coat, black knee breeches, stockings and black buckle-shoes" who "is holding a brimmed hat, also black, on his knee, and an octagon lantern which is resting on the ground" appears to be a version of the "Night Watchman" Toby jug, which enjoyed some popularity in the early years of the XIXth century. Various versions of this rather exceptional Toby are known, some being decidedly inferior in execution. The commercial success of the type was sufficient to account for plagiarisms. It must have been made, too, over an extended period of time. Some versions are quite late in date.

Although this type of Toby is generally known as the "Night Watchman," it would appear to be an attempt to create in jug form one of the characters of the well-known figure groups of the "Vicar and Moses," and we might expect to find, as a companion piece, a Toby jug in the form of "The Drunken Parson." The original pulpit group of the "Vicar and Moses" was made by Ralph Wood

of Burslem; possibly the first version of "The Night Watchman" Toby was modelled by Enoch Wood.

The markings on your piece are not factory marks, but signs intended for internal factory use. Such marks became increasingly common in the Victorian period. Too much should not be made of the fact that it has been in the family for several generations. One is apt to think of a generation as the equal of a lifetime: actually it spans about twenty to thirty years—say, twenty-five years—and four generations would only take it back to the 1850s.

Toby jugs, of traditional forms, were still being made at this period, as well as newer specimens in the likeness of contemporary politicians such as Gladstone. These are generally more clumsily potted and crudely decorated. Sampson Smith of Longton and Kent of Burslem made quite a number of these later specimens.

It is impossible, without examination, to say when your piece was made or to ascribe it to any particular maker.

STUDIO POTTERS

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to a comment on studio potters in the February issue of the APOLLO in which there is an error that may lead to confusion in dates, for it is stated that I am still producing (that is in February, 1954). This is incorrect, for I ceased potting early in 1939, and resigned my post as instructor in pottery at the Royal College of Art later in 1939.

As to Mr. Sewter's opinion that he did not consider the movement to possess much historical significance, it has already passed into Art history as something phenomenal when studio potters held annual one-man shows at the best galleries in London and elsewhere, and collectors from all parts of Britain came to these exhibitions, and not only from Britain, but from the Continent and the U.S.A. A well-known collector recently wrote to me, "Our golden age was brief—but how golden." He also wrote (in effect) that he found the work of the younger potters lifeless. Apparently the Contemporary Art Society are of the same opinion and have therefore discontinued to potters their financial assistance. This is regrettable, for pottery is costly to produce, and I know from teaching experience that very few men are both fine artists and potters by nature, but to assist in the production of uninspired work is a waste of money.

There is, I believe, an assignable reason for the lack of vitality in the work of the younger potters that may, or may not, have occurred to others, as it is but a theory. I will leave it at that.

Yours faithfully,
W. STAITE MURRAY.

P.O. Odzi, Southern Rhodesia.

MASK-SPOUTED JUGS

Dear Sir,—I am tortured by the possession of four graduated jugs, of exquisite shape and colour, and which I am unable to "track down," not being an expert, but I feel that I cannot rest until I "know" them. They are in the Worcester style (early) and the "masks" on the spouts of all of them are identical with a photograph now before me, of a porcelain Worcester jug of around 1760, in W. B. Honey's *English Pottery and Porcelain*. They are oviform, the tallest about 18 in., the smallest about 6 in. Deep pink bands around top of jugs edged by feathery gilding. Below the spouts are Oriental-looking faces with curly beards of gilt on the white porcelain ground. The handles, in white and gilded, appear to be swans' heads "pouring" the handle which end up in other bearded masks.

The porcelain body is white and painted over-glaze in sprigs of flowers, a rose, blue and yellow flowers, purple and "iron red." The bottom rim of jugs are gilded with small gold dots above.

Each jug is perfect, except for a little worn gilding on one. The pink band is most arresting, being of a mauve-pink.

To prevent me rending my garments I would so much appreciate any help you can give me in identifying them.

I have just become a subscriber to APOLLO in Ireland, after borrowing my cousin's copies.

I am, faithfully yours,
MRS. SIDNEY H. ENGLISH.

4, West Beach,
Cobh, Co. Cork, Ireland.

* * *

The pieces described would seem to be variants upon the ovoid-shaped jug with cylindrical neck and mask spout which the Worcester factory made in the 1760's and onwards, but without some description of the paste—its colour, nature and translucency—and rather more detailed information about the style of painting, we are afraid it is impossible to say anything conclusive as to its factory of origin. The Worcester jug which was illustrated in Mr. W. B. Honey's standard volume *Old English Porcelain* was modelled with overlapping leaves and a slightly ribbed neck—the handle being a rather striking and complex form composed of tangential curves. This is not mentioned in the description. The Worcester shape evidently enjoyed commercial success for it was closely copied at Caughley

(Continued on page 174)

SALE ROOM NOTES & PRICES

BY BRICOLEUR

OBJECTS OF VERTU. Sotheby's held a sale of very fine objects of vertu, including a Fabergé strut clock which made £450. This was of an architectural design 8½ in. high, stamped Fabergé and the initials HW for Henrik Wigstrom. Decorated with a drawing of a street by Alex Benois. Other high-priced lots in this sale included a Louis XV gold snuff-box of oval shape, 3½ in., by Pierre Sevin, Paris, 1762, which fetched £300, and a Swiss musical box of fine gold set with diamonds and decorated with brilliant enamel panels, 3½ in., which brought £200. Other lots of gold boxes included a Napoleonic example of gold and diamonds with the motif N below an Imperial crown on a blue enamel ground. This box was by Maurice Mayer, and brought £180. An English example, dated London, 1807, of oval form, the top superbly chiselled with Perseus and Andromeda also made £180. A Breguet "Montre Perpetuelle," No. 15, brought £100. Examples of this type of watch are rare, the most famous being No. 160, the Marie-Antoinette watch. Sir David Salomons illustrates No. 148, on p. 232 of his work on Breguet. A Jeypore gold cup and saucer, probably made for an Indian Royal House, and decorated with enamelled panels of views, animals and birds, diamond set handle, 5½ in. diam., brought £150.

HOUSE SALES. Uckfield. Sotheby's held a sale at Sheffield Park, Uckfield, by order of Captain A. Granville Soames, O.B.E. A Khorrassan carpet, 28 ft. by 19 ft. 3 in., brought £1,000, and among the XVIIIth-century examples of furniture was a Georgian mahogany knee-hole writing table of oval shape, 6 ft. diam., which made £180; a Hepplewhite four-poster bedstead with drapery and bedding, £105. The pictures included a panoramic view of Rydal Water, by Julius Caesar Ibbetson, signed and dated 1788, 35½ in. by 47 in., £340; the Madonna and Child with St. Joseph, on panel, Lombard School, 17½ in. by 16½ in., £170; and a signed landscape with figures by Klaes Molenaar, on panel, 19 in. by 25½ in., for which £175 was paid.

Trowbridge. Knight, Frank and Rutley held a two-day house sale at Keevil Manor, Trowbridge, Wilts, at which £350 was paid for a pair of Chippendale mahogany torches carved with acanthus leaves, 15 in. diam., and £78 for a Sheraton mahogany sideboard with a lift-up top enclosing shelves and a tray. Among the examples of earlier furniture was a Jacobean oak refectory table which sold for £65. This example had turned baluster legs and plain stretchers, and measured 10 ft. by a ft. 7 in.

Bath. Messrs. Quartly, Sons and White held a successful sale at Rode Manor, nr. Bath, on instructions from the executors of the late Capt. W. S. Batten-Pooll, J.P., which was well attended by buyers from all parts of the country. In the silver and plate section a four-piece tea and coffee service, 1825, brought £130; and a later tea and coffee service (William IV and Victoria), £95. Among the lots of china and glass was a pair of 15½ in. Regency two-light candelabra which brought £135, and a Worcester icepail £32, Flight, Barr and Barr period. The furniture included a pair of Chippendale gilt wall mirrors which brought £200, and a Chippendale mahogany serpentine dressing chest, £135.

EUROPEAN CERAMICS. At Christie's there was a sale of fine Meissen porcelain in which was included an important equestrian statuette of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, by J. J. Kaendler, in military uniform and with a Moorish runner by her side. This example was mounted on a Louis XV ormolu base, 10½ in. high; it made 760 gns. An example of the well-known figure of a lady in a crinoline, by J. J. Kaendler, 11 in. high, brought 200 gns., represented holding a pug dog on her left arm and on a pedestal base, 11 in. high. Both these figures were previously in the collection of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. A seated figure of a beggar musician, similar to one in the British Museum, sold for 210 gns. Also modelled by J. J. Kaendler, circa 1740, it was on a Louis XV ormolu base enriched with a recumbent Meissen porcelain pug dog. Amongst the wares were two Meissen Brûles parfums with Louis XV ormolu mounts. The smaller, 7½ in. high, was of rectangular form moulded with trellis, and with a figure of a seated Chinese boy with a basket of fish; the larger, 9½ in. high, was modelled as a pomegranate and the ormolu mount also enriched with a porcelain figure. In this example it was of Cupid disguised as a gardener. The lots made 135 gns. and 120 gns. respectively.

Sotheby's have sold two fine collections of ceramics recently. One, the T. Murray Ragg collection sold by order of the trustees, and the other that of H. S. Marsham-Townsend, Esq. The first, which was almost entirely English pottery, included many fine lots, particularly a rare saltglaze pew group of a man and woman which was probably by the same hand as that illustrated by Herbert Read in *Staffordshire Pottery Figures*, pl. 6A. This lot made £950. Another rare lot was a set of four Dutch Delft tobacco jars, the oviform bodies with labels enclosed by foliate cartouches and surmounted by coloured panels of quay scenes with merchandise, some of which bears the initials V.O.C. for the Dutch East India Company. No other example with coloured panels appears to be recorded and the initials are also very rarely found. The company was founded in 1602 through the amalgamation of four competing companies, and ceased to exist in 1795. Three examples of Lambeth Delft fetched £155, £110 and £140. The first was a Charles II polychrome caudle cup with the initials C.R.2, similar to dated examples illustrated by Rackham

in the Glaisher Catalogue, pl. 86B, and Garner in *English Delftware*, pl. 24B. The second was a fuddling cup, very rare and dated 1639, with the initials E.A., and the third a very fine chalice-shaped cup painted in blue with a cartouche bearing the initials and date R MI 1645. 4½ in. An example in the British Museum is inscribed William Lamboth, and dated 1650. In the saltglaze section was a Jacobite portrait jug with the Young Pretender, a Jacobite emblem and Chinese "Famille-rose" flower sprays, 6½ in. This rare piece brought £98. A Whieldon chinoiserie teapot and cover brought £50, decorated with moulded panels of Chinese figures and views. In the Schreiber Catalogue, Vol. II, pl. 18, No. 123, Rackham illustrates a block for making a tea caddy with similar decoration.

In the Marsham Townsend sale was a magnificent pair of Longton Hall melon tureens and covers which fetched £800. These were naturalistically moulded, 6½ in., and supported on a pair of coloured leaf dishes. Among the Worcester examples was a superb fluted baluster vase which was brilliantly enamelled in a Kakiemon palette 8½ in. This piece was from the Holdship period, but may be Lund's, Bristol, or just after the factory was purchased by Worcester, and is probably from the same set as the well-known Hughes vase illustrated by Mackenna in *Worcester Porcelain*, pl. 3, fig. 6. One of the toys was a Chelsea woman's head bonbonnière, which made £120, and is the same model as that illustrated by Bryant in *Chelsea Porcelain Toys*, pl. 49, No. 4. Another example of the Chelsea factory was a pair of dark green leaf dishes with red anchor marks, which made £105. This type of dish is always popular. A rare but not so high-priced lot was a Bow Coronation Figure of Minerva, her helmet with the cipher G.R.III. This figure made £32, and the only other example recorded with the cipher is illustrated by Hurlbutt in *Bow Porcelain*, pl. 56B.

Silver Lustre. Phillips, Son and Neale sold a canary yellow jug with silver lustre foliate decoration for £58. This type of jug is very popular with collectors.

At Rogers, Chapman and Thomas, a pair of Sèvres urn-shaped vases painted with figure panels, by Moreau Lejeune, brought £34. These had ormolu handles and mounts and measured 24 in.

The Motcomb Galleries made £190 and £44 for two Bloor Derby Services. The first was a dinner service of 106 pieces with tree and flower pattern in blue, red and gilt, and the other a breakfast and coffee service of 70 pieces, similar but with plain, not gadrooned, edges.

SILVER. At Sotheby's there was a sale of English and foreign silver at which an exceedingly rare George I gilt tea service of five pieces brought £12,500, by Philip Rollos, Jr., 1721, and engraved with the Royal Arms. It is believed that this service was a wedding present to the first Marquis of Annandale from George I in 1718. This service is of particularly fine quality and apparently was previously unknown. The only other similar service recorded belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, and was made by Louis Mettayer in 1712. In the same sale was a remarkably fine set of three tea caddies, cream jug, knives and spoons, etc., mostly by Paul de Lamerie, 1735, contained in a contemporary mahogany case. Engraved with the arms of Boissier impaling Berchère, the set was probably a wedding present from Guillaume Boissier to his daughter-in-law and brought £1,300. Another interesting lot was a fine set of four Queen Anne candlesticks, by Benjamin Pyne, 1706, 58 oz. 15 dwt., which brought £500. These had vase-shaped stems and circular feet, the bases of the sconces chased with stiff foliage. The crest on each foot is that of Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan. One of the pieces of earlier silver was a rare Commonwealth caudle cup and cover, 1654, maker's mark T.G. in a dotted circle, 14 oz. 7 dwt., with cast recurring scroll side-handles and pounced with initials I.C., £500. Almost identical decoration is shown on a porringer (1656) illustrated in Sir Charles J. Jackson's *History of English Plate*, Fig. 929.

FURNITURE. At Christie's a Charles II red lacquer cabinet brought 300 gns. This was decorated in gold and colours with figures, birds and plants, on a gilt wood stand carved with cupids and foliage, 40 in. wide. The examples of red lacquer are not so frequently found as the black lacquer and are far more popular with collectors. Among the examples of French furniture was a Louis XV library table in rosewood, by Pierre Migeon II, 1701-1758, who was ébéniste to the King and Court. This example, 50 in. wide, which brought 500 gns., had ormolu mounts and square cabriole legs. At another sale, Christie's sold a Louis XV-XVI marquetry commode for 450 gns. This had a slightly shaped front, supported on cabriole legs, and inlaid with a musical trophy and trellis, rosette and cube patterns, 51 in. wide.

Phillips, Son and Neale sold a Regency dwarf cabinet in satinwood enclosed by two glazed doors, 29 in., for £90; and a satinwood Carlton House writing-table with painted decoration for £78.

At Rogers, Chapman and Thomas, a Georgian breakfast-table was included in a sale where it fetched £41. This had a turned pillar and quadruple support with brass terminals. In the same sale a Georgian settee, 5 ft. 8 in., with mahogany frame and upholstered in tapestry, fetched £54 12s.

At the Motcomb Galleries a pair of gilt consol tables made £520. These were carved with swags and foliate ornament, and centred on figures of a lion and lioness, the tops inlaid in various woods on a satinwood ground within a kingwood border.

Knight, Frank and Rutley made £78 for a Louis XVI bow-fronted tulipwood commode with three drawers and two cupboards, 3 ft. 7 in.

THE LIBRARY SHELF

PAUL STORR

BY CHARLES OMAN

IT seems likely that the spring of 1954 will prove a landmark in the story of the popular appreciation of Regency silver. Over eighty thousand visitors saw the Exhibition of the Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle and were able to get acquainted for the first time with the collection which set the fashion in the first thirty years of the XIXth century. Three personalities dominated the exhibition—the Prince Regent, John Bridge and Paul Storr. The middle of these three names is that of the second partner of the firm of Rundell, Bridge & Rundell, jewellers and silversmiths of 32, Ludgate Hill. Without him it is likely that the Prince Regent would never have got interested in plate and in consequence of this Paul Storr would not have been granted such golden opportunities of displaying his workmanship.

John Bridge had been trained, as had also his partner Philip Rundell, as a jeweller and he had no practical knowledge of silversmithing. He had, however, strong views as to how silver should be used and it was his artistic talent and not merely good salesmanship which resulted in English plate assuming more sculptural forms and showed a more careful finish than in previous periods.

The firm of Rundell, Bridge & Rundell had managed to build up a reputation without having first set up a workshop of its own. It had been its practice to hand out its orders to be executed by other firms. There came a time, however, when it became obvious that this arrangement could not continue. Instead of attempting to start a manufacturing business from scratch, the two senior partners decided to come to terms with one of the most enterprising silversmiths of the day, Paul Storr.

With the appearance of Dr. Penzer's biography it is possible to study Storr in the round, in a manner in which we are unable to do with any earlier silversmiths, including Paul de Lamerie who, despite the efforts of P. A. S. Phillips, remains a shadowy figure. Storr turns out to have been the son of a silver-chaser. He was brought up, doubtless in an atmosphere of silversmithing but not in a love of it. His father was quite glad to turn innkeeper when a favourable opportunity occurred. If Thomas Storr was not a silversmith by vocation, he did Paul a very good turn when he bound him apprentice to Andrew Fogelberg. This Swedish silversmith is becoming recognised as one of the best craftsmen of the Adam period. Though Paul Storr must have obtained a first class technical training from Fogelberg he owed him little artistically. Dr. Penzer has been able to trace comparatively few of Storr's works in the Adam style and these are not very important. It is clear that at an early stage Storr began to win a reputation for making well-designed pieces for everyday use. He must have worked up quite a sound business before he became definitely associated

with Rundell, Bridge & Rundell in 1807, as opposed to merely carrying out work for them as heretofore. Philip Rundell's bait for him was a larger and better workshop and probably also a partnership (but the date of this last is uncertain). Storr did not allow himself to get carried away by the prospect before him. It is clear that he entered into the business with the utmost caution. The workshop was under the control of Storr & Co. He was evidently determined to remain master in his own house (if it ever was really his!). The fact was that Philip Rundell was a quite impossible person. He was an intolerable employer and

Storr was determined not to allow himself to be placed in a subordinate position. John Bridge's manners were beyond reproach, but it is possible that Storr feared from him a surfeit of good advice as to how he should carry out his work, if the position was not made crystal clear from the beginning.

The uneasy partnership lasted until 1819, when Storr broke loose and set up again on his own. It is clear that despite his determination to remain master in the workshop, that the models which he had been using remained the property of Rundell, Bridge & Rundell and continued to be used by them for many years. If the association with the royal goldsmiths had been uneasy it had not also been unprofitable. Storr must have accumulated some considerable capital, though he was not destined to end up a millionaire like Rundell, nor to enter the ranks of the landed gentry like Bridge. When the time of parting came he was able to carry away a lot of the good will, thanks to his providence in 1807 in insisting that everything

which issued from his workshop should be stamped with his P. S. Whilst he had been associated with Philip Rundell, it had not been necessary for Storr to bother about finance and it is likely enough that his business capacity had not kept pace with his artistic development. Above all he was to find that the 1820's were not such a good time for the silversmiths as the previous decade.

Storr now set up a large workshop in Clerkenwell, but he realised that he needed also a window in the West End. To get this he went into partnership with John Mortimer and ran a shop in their joint names in New Bond Street. Mortimer appears to have been no sort of an asset and it was lucky that Storr was able, in 1826, to bring into the partnership with some extra capital, John Samuel Hunt, one of his wife's nephews. Though financial disaster had been staved off, the partnership was later dissolved after a Chancery suit in 1838. After that Storr decided to retire and died in 1844, aged 73.

Unlike John Bridge who did not marry, or Philip Rundell who ought to have married, Paul Storr left a large family but an estate of only £3,000. The elder of his two sons made no attempt to follow his father's calling but went to sea. The second, Francis, came into the business at the time when his



Paul Storr, from an oil-painting in the possession of Mr. Edward Parker Stapleton, O.B.E.

* *Paul Storr, the Last of the Goldsmiths*, by N. M. Penzer, M.A., Litt. D., F.S.A. Batsford. 241 pp. LXXXI pl. £9.

father was having trouble with Mortimer. He had no feeling for silver and it is not surprising that he found the strained atmosphere uncomfortable. He rejoiced when his father agreed to release him so that he could go up to Oxford with a view to taking orders.

Such is an outline of the very human story which Dr. Penzer has to tell us. Storr appears as a kindly person, a first-class craftsman, but only just able to hold his own at business.

With the aid of Dr. Penzer's eighty plates, illustrating about a hundred items, we are able to form some idea of Storr's capacity as an artist. If we neglect his unimportant early years, his career is divided into two periods by his separation from Rundell, Bridge & Rundell. It was the policy of John Bridge, whose importance Dr. Penzer seems to underestimate, to employ well-known artists to design the display plate which he himself loved and which he also knew how to sell. Thus William Theed, R.A., was like Storr a full partner, whilst designs were taken from John Flaxman, R.A., and his assistant J. H. Baily. In the making of these display pieces Storr was only responsible for translating into silver the ideas of others. As far as display pieces are concerned, Storr was a loser by his breach with the royal goldsmiths. The pieces which the latter continued to make for George IV maintain very much the same standard as those which Storr had made for the Regent. On the other hand, those made by Storr in the 1820's are uniformly clumsy—either he had no talent for such pieces or he picked the wrong designers. He never lost his genius for turning out fine tureens, sauce-boats, teapots, salvers, etc., and since under present conditions display plate seldom emerges from the strong-room, Fate has not dealt too unkindly with him!

Though it is customary to speak of Storr as if he were the Lamerie of a later generation, the figure which emerges from the present book is one of a much more moderate stature. Whilst it is fair enough to speak of a period of Paul

In our next issue

THE LIBRARY SHELF— *has a Lighter Side*

de Lamerie and a period of Paul Storr, we mean really two different things. As far as we know Paul de Lamerie was the designer of most of the important pieces which issued from his workshop whilst, as we have seen, the best of Storr's luxury pieces were made from designs of artists picked by John Bridge. No less remarkable was the way in which Lamerie's designs set the fashion and were followed by the other silversmiths after a time lag of varying lengths. Storr's own work—the pleasant domestic pieces on which his reputation rests—is typical of the period, but we cannot claim that he led his contemporaries. Perhaps his years with Rundell, Bridge & Rundell had blunted his inventive powers, since as long as he worked for them he was provided with ready-made designs by artists picked by Bridge. The position of the last-named is indeed anomalous, since he possessed no technical qualifications which would allow him to be described as either a silversmith or as a designer. None the less he retained his capacity for discovering fresh talent until he had reached an advanced age, so that he was able to lead fashion in a way that Storr never did. Whilst Storr as an artist cannot be compared with Lamerie, as a craftsman he stands in the first rank, as is evident to anyone who has handled much of the work which came from his shop. He seems to have been equally at home when carrying out some grandiose composition in Bridge's taste, a questionable restoration for the Prince Regent, or one of his own tea sets.

IRISH BOOKBINDINGS 1600—1800

BY MAURICE CRAIG

In the history of book production, one of the most remarkable manifestations is the brilliant and magnificent bindings produced in Ireland during the eighteenth century. The movement seems to have begun suddenly in the late seventeenth century and to have died into insignificance within a hundred years. Mr. Craig has searched the libraries of Ireland and Great Britain for examples of bindings from this great period. They are quite unmistakable, and libraries and collectors throughout the world will be grateful to him for the publication of this first study of a most important movement in the history of books.

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WORCESTER PORCELAIN. By FRANKLIN A. BARRETT. Faber Monographs on Pottery and Porcelain. Faber & Faber. 30s.

Reviewed by George Savage

To condense the history of the Worcester factory, and a description of its productions, into forty-four pages of text must have been unusually difficult, and, inevitably, much has had to be omitted. Nevertheless, in the available space, Mr. Barrett has given us a concise summary of the more important facts, and has reviewed the wares of the so-called "Wall" period comprehensively and with authority. Much less space is devoted to the Flights, the Chamberlains, and the Graingers, and the XIXth century is passed over with little more than a paragraph. This is a period which needs examination, since the porcelain of Worcester was of a considerably higher standard than that to be seen from most factories.

Mr. Barrett's illustrations attain a very high standard, and he has drawn them from sources which, in many cases, will be unfamiliar to the general reader.

Of especial interest is his up-to-date summary of recent developments in the field of Worcester rarities. He refers to "La Nourrice" at some length, and this figure was first attributed to Worcester comparatively recently. The earliest known version appears to have been made by Guillaume Dupré. It is known from the Avon pottery in the early part of the XVIIth century, and was repeated in porcelain at Chelsea immediately following 1750. It seems likely that Worcester derived it from this source.

Mr. Barrett's example has the best of credentials, chemical analysis revealing a magnesium oxide content equivalent to about 34 per cent of soaprock.

Experience during the last few years has shown that we are by no means at the end of surprises from this factory, and it may be that other early Chelsea models were used as a source of inspiration. The possibility is worth bearing in mind, particularly when an otherwise familiar model exhibits unlooked-for peculiarities in body, glaze, and colouring. The cauliflower tureen pictured by Mr. Barrett on Plate 86A is an excellent example.

So many specimens having a pseudo-Meissen mark seem to have been decorated at the Giles atelier, that it is likely that the factory ordinarily reserved porcelain thus marked for his use. It cannot be regarded as certain that a "dry" blue enamel was used only at the factory. I have recently observed a scale-blue basket with slight passages of this colour which had a documentary history connecting it with the Giles family. The book is an excellent addition to the Faber Monographs, and students of English porcelain will certainly need to add it to their libraries.

PLEASURE OF RUINS. By ROSE MACAULAY. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 25s. net.

Reviewed by Joan Evans

Miss Rose Macaulay normally appears as a timeless *littérateur*, with an invisible background. In this, her most recent work, she reveals herself (if she will forgive a fellow Oxonian for saying so) as an Oxford scholar. A reader might

deduce—quite wrongly—that she had there taken the Diploma in Classical Archaeology, "with distinction."

She has written a most interesting, informative and readable book; and it seems ungrateful to say that in it the scholar and the *littérateur* are at times imperfectly fused. The truth is that she has come near to writing three books under one cover: one in which she records and analyses the impressions which ruins have made on the spectators of the past; one in which she most delightfully describes her own impressions of the many ruins she has herself visited, from Cashel to Anuradhapura; and a third, that necessarily can be neither full nor complete, in which she lists the great ruins of the world.

These, however, are captious criticisms. Miss Macaulay's evocations give infinite pleasure in these home-bound days to those who themselves are susceptible to the ruins of the past. Yet she does not talk of the heart-breaking beauty of such recent ruins as St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, nor of the Forum-like surroundings with which the Blitz endowed St. Paul's.

The book has both charm and value as a study in sensibility, whether the sensibility be that of long-dead travellers or of Miss Rose Macaulay. (But may an enthusiast deplore the omission of William Stukeley?) Sensibility is not always included among the accepted tests of civilization, and it is certainly not always so accepted by our present-day administrators. It is to be hoped that the members of the L.C.C. and the other authorities concerned with the future of Holland House will read Miss Macaulay to the profit of posterity.

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18s.

Reviewed by F. M. Godfrey

English students of Caravaggio hitherto had to rely upon the work of Italian scholars, and most of all upon the pontifical pronouncements of Roberto Longhi, to whom the somewhat fluid chronology and a number of important discoveries are due. These and Professor Venturi's studies have been critically surveyed and adjusted by Denis Mahon. Now, by coincidence, we are given in the same month an English version of Mr. Berenson's essay of 1951 and the fully fledged monograph by Roger Hinks. The latter proposes certain amendments in the dating of Caravaggio's principal works of religious drama for the Contarelli and Cerasi Chapels in Rome, which he believes to be later than originally supposed. He sees in the Vocation of St. Matthew a work of the transition, where the Venetian colouring and costumes of his youth freely mingle with the dramatic lighting evolved in his maturity. Mr. Berenson is not concerned with chronology; he proposes to say anything that comes into his head, a procedure palpably worth while, where a head such as his is the source of our instruction and delectation. But in the enjoyment of his light-hearted and witty commentary, mainly about Caravaggio's incongruities of space and novel emphasis, often designed to "épater le bourgeois," we must not underrate the sound and exhaustive scholarship which his junior and less voluble partner brings to the critical attack of legend, life and style of Caravaggio. His is not only a serious, penetrating study, but also an eminently readable book, which leads in logical synthesis from the early boy portraits and still-lives of fruit and flowers to the great Roman altar-pieces, where the Vulgar is conjoined to the Heroic, and where new forms of light and of situation are evolved. In the last ten years of his feverish artist's life, Caravaggio developed from the faceless and almost "dehumanised" figures which serve as "crane" and as "booster" in the Crucifixion of Peter to the mystic symbolism of his maturity, where time and space are sacrificed to Greco-like compositions of powerful emotive appeal by means of a new magic of lighted surfaces and impenetrable gloom. This logic of growth and evolution, with all the works of Caravaggio falling into place, where the caressing angel who guides the scribbling hand of the first St. Matthew is meaningfully opposed to the Amor Vincitore, or the late Flagellation seen at one with other works of the mystical clair-obscur like the Seven Works of Mercy or the Raising of Lazarus—all this is conducive to providing a unified picture of Caravaggio's greatness as the last painter of the High-Renaissance.

Here the judgment of both writers is at one. Though Caravaggio has a strain

of violence, a propensity towards the vulgar and the vicious, though he brings sacred acts and personages down to earth and endows them with the heads and bodies of rustic and navvy, though he composes in one plane and lacks the definition of space, though he invents vigorous and precarious postures and a new expressionism of mien, sometimes tortured, embittered or debauched, he is not an artist of the Baroque, but rather an heir to the XVth-century tradition, "the unbaroque or even the anti-baroque" in Mr. Berenson's words.

Surely Caravaggio would have been a principal witness for the defence in the inquiry in which the same writer ranges over several milleniums of art endeavour. He would appear as a creative genius, strong enough to keep our conventions of seeing alive, in a heroic revolt against academic stalemate and mannerist decadence. What a pity that so desirable an essay of a mere forty pages should be so prohibitively priced at 18 shillings.

THE CULTURE OF SOUTH-EAST
ASIA. By REGINALD LE MAY; fore-
word by the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler,
M.P. George Allen & Unwin. 2 gns.

Reviewed by Victor Rienaeker

The History, Art and Culture of South-East Asia have been the subjects of Dr. le May's scholarly and devoted research for over a quarter of a century. The extent to which Burma, Siam (now called Thailand), Malaya, Sumatra, Java and French Indo-China have derived their art from India is demonstrated in this well-presented text, augmented by no less than 216 excellent illustrations. The author claims to have designed a mosaic or woven "a tapestry-picture of all the forces which have gone to mould the culture of South-Eastern Asia"; and this ambitious aim has been achieved with so large a measure of success, by reason of the author's rare gift of intuitive understanding of the relevant essential and fundamental factors that have produced this culture. It is unusual for an occidental scholar to have such a sympathetic insight into the oriental mentality and their attitude to life and the aims of their art as is possessed by Dr. le May. He has designed his book for "the intelligent layman"; and since so many intelligent laymen in the Western hemisphere still hold the absurdest notions about Eastern art, he wisely explains at the outset the principal difference between the two approaches to art and culture in general. He points out, for example, that in order to appreciate Buddhist art it is first of all necessary to regard it as "almost entirely symbolic." When the artist is creating an image of the Buddha, he is attempting to make "something over and beyond and above himself—a kind of superman." The result is thus symbolic rather than representational art. The Eastern artist never simply copies a model; he creates out of his own consciousness. He does not seek to reproduce an actual or real object either in stone or pictorially; his aim is always to exhibit the idea behind the subject. In short, he regards himself only as the humble agent of the *universal* as opposed to that of the *individual* soul.

Reviewed by Joan Evans

For those who have enjoyed these early pictures Professor Panofsky's splendid book is a gate to further delectation, and a delectation in which understanding is joined to observation. His book is closely based on the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures given by him at Harvard in 1947 and 1948. Professor Panofsky's rigorous scholarship is modern, yet his sensibility to beauty and his breadth of view admirably perpetuate the tradition of Norton himself, who was Ruskin's wisest and most understanding friend.

Panofsky's first chapter is devoted to French and Franco-Flemish book illumination in the XIVth century, for in that minute and exquisite art the early oil painting of the Netherlands has its roots. He sets Jean Pucelle alongside Giotto and Duccio; his admirable comparison of their work will illuminate the XIVth century afresh for many who see it only in terms of Italian painting. Appreciations of Jean de Bondol, André Beauneveu, Jacquemart de Hesdin, and the splendid manuscripts of the earlier period of the

In the work of Jan van Eyck and his great contemporaries and followers Panofsky finds the "International" characteristics reconciled into a true style. He rightly stresses the strongly Flemish character of the art of the Burgundian court, and reduces the Paris, Dijon and Avignon schools of about 1400 to a more modest importance than is generally accepted.

He concludes with an Epilogue, "The Heritage of the Founders," which links these studies to the paintings of the next generation. Satisfactorily full notes, an invaluable bibliography, an index and plates of the earliest work mentioned conclude Volume I; the second volume is entirely taken up with a rich illustration. The work is admirably printed (though Gorhambury appears as Corhambury in text and index), and for those who enjoy "Primitives" is well worth the eleven guineas asked for it.

Reviewed by Jon Wynne-Tyson

In the case of *The Circle of Chalk*, however, the origins of the play lie in medieval China, and this latest version has the merit of being rendered in English from Stanislas Julien's original translation into the French, commissioned by John Murray and appearing in 1832 as *Hoei-lan-ki, ou l'histoire du Cercle de Craie*. We are at least, therefore, in possession of a translation rather than an adaptation, and suffer no embarrassment from vandalistic attempts to popularise the play by introducing changes in its construction and theme as a means of more successfully capturing the peculiar tastes of our hemisphere.

The able and delicate copper engravings by John Buckland-Wright should do much to turn interest into purchase, and the entire production is most delightfully thought out and executed.

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A HISTORY OF DOLLS' HOUSES.
By FLORA GILL JACOBS. Cassell & Company, Ltd. 32s. 6d. net.

Reviewed by Montague Weekley.

Mrs. Jacobs has written the first general work on dolls' houses. It is not surprising that this amply illustrated book should have been undertaken by an American. There has grown up in the U.S. an extraordinary ardour for collecting dolls and studying their history. Mrs. Jacobs brings a like enthusiasm to the cognate theme of dolls' houses.

A great variety of sources has been tapped. Quotations from Swift, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, and Katherine Mansfield were well worth noting. A passage from *Gulliver*, in "A Voyage to Brobdingnag," may perhaps be the earliest reference to dolls' houses by a great writer: "I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other accessories which, in proportion to those of the Queen's, were not much bigger than what I have seen of the same kind in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house."

Mrs. Jacobs is well aware that the subject of dolls' houses cannot be explored comprehensively without reference to related miniature structures and their contents. Related to XVIIth century German dolls' houses are the fascinating "Nuremberg Kitchens," single compartments without ceilings, which bristled with a most formidable array of domestic utensils, their alleged purpose being to instil housewifely zeal into little German girls. Then there are the varieties of shops. Mrs. Jacobs singles out for special praise our XIXth-century toy butchers' shops, a commendation that might mournfully be interpreted as a tribute to England's lost carnivorous supremacy.

A small group of really spectacular houses emerges from Mrs. Jacobs' survey, but even in this select few there is nothing comparable with the dolls' house presented to Queen Mary in 1924. Mrs. Jacobs devotes a whole chapter to this marvel, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, O.M., P.R.A., which included, among many wonderful details, a garage with a Rolls and other model cars.

The book is a mine of information and will be valuable as a guide to the principal museum collections. Mrs. Jacobs' writing, ebulliently and facetiously colloquial, will not please all tastes.

A DICTIONARY OF ANTIQUES. By SHEILA STUART. Chambers. 21s. net.

Reviewed by Jonathan Lee

It is extremely doubtful if any individual has sufficient knowledge to write a sound dictionary on such a vast range of subjects as antique furniture, smaller antiques, pottery and china, glass, silver and Sheffield plate, and pewter. Such a book, if it could be written, would inevitably consist of several volumes and some thousands of illustrations.

Sheila Stuart has attempted the impossible in including all these subjects, plus an introduction and an index, in the compass of 263 pages and some 120 line drawings. The number of people in this country who could cover even the first subject (antique furniture) adequately can probably be numbered in single figures. Comparisons are odious, but even John Glog, an indefatigable and painstaking

research worker and an acknowledged authority on antique furniture, required 565 pages and 630 illustrations for *A Short Dictionary of Furniture*, which was published in 1952.

A Dictionary of Antiques belies and makes no attempt to live up to its name. The introduction, though not always strictly accurate, is engagingly written, shows an artistic sense in furnishing and grouping, and gives some good advice in a chatty manner. The trouble is that the main body of the book continues as a chat, a rather amateurish and ill-balanced one, mixing truths and half-truths, facts and fiction, opinions and advice.

INGRES. By GEORGES WILDENSTEIN. Phaidon. £2 15s.

Reviewed by Horace Shipp.

"Icily regular, splendidly null": the name of Ingres invokes the Tennysonian epithet, and to the incurably romantic English he is probably one of the least sympathetic of the great French painters. M. Georges Wildenstein, in this new Phaidon volume, gives us a short but characteristically penetrating and scholarly essay on the artist; a tabulated biography; a *catalogue raisonné* of the paintings and drawings embellished with more than 200 illustrations; and, as the main section of the book, 120 full page plates, including 8 in colour. Thus in one comprehensive volume we have Ingres presented authoritatively and in his entirety. With this book to hand we can value or revalue this purest of French classicists; and at this moment, when art is tending to turn again to the dual disciplines of nature and of draughtsmanship, a study of Ingres is timely.

The paradox of Ingres is, as M. Wildenstein makes clear, that to him realism of appearances was an exacting idealism. The visual facts of nature were his precise material, the representation of them in linear forms as uncompromising as bronze was his manner. Deriving from the classicism of Greek vase drawing, thereafter from the most exalted of the Renaissance masters, and finally from the cold teaching of his master, David, Ingres carried this art to a kind of apotheosis. Those who attempted to follow him are revealed as comparatively sentimental. "It is the destiny of the most inimitable works to give rise to the most imitations," says M. Wildenstein; and goes on to show his subject as a peak in a national art which has always rather yearned toward classic perfection.

Even in the *Odalises* and in such an allied work as "The Turkish Bath" the concern is not, I should have said, with the sensuous beauty of the female body so much as with the opportunity it offers for a sinuous line fully expressive of form. I wondered a little whether M. Wildenstein in his essay were right in seeing behind this the Byzantine sensuality inherited through the Trecento Italians. Baudelaire's opinions on this aspect of the artist may have drawn those of Georges Wildenstein slightly out of the true. His essay, however, is packed with wisdom and sensitive insight into the mind and art of his great subject. Almost he persuades me to delight in Ingres; and not only in the portraits, which cannot but be enjoyed.

THE LIBRARY SHELF

HERCULES SEGHERS. By LEO C. COLLINS. The University of Chicago Press; Cambridge University Press. £7 10s.

Reviewed by Victor Rienaeker

This is a beautifully produced book worthy of an original artist who ranks with Rembrandt among the forerunners of modern art. Dr. Collins writes with engaging enthusiasm and real insight; and he thus succeeds in penetrating far into the mystery of Seghers's genius. He certainly will have fulfilled his avowed intention to obtain for Seghers the due recognition of his high place in the perennial story of the artist's endeavour always to exhibit some new aspect of the truth behind all visible phenomena. What seems especially to have attracted Dr. Collins to the study of this artist is his unique power of transmuting the common elements of Nature in the crucible of his imagination and giving to them a profound spiritual appeal.

In this book the genius of Seghers is most generously represented for us by the choice of 112 characteristic subjects in all the media he employed. These admirably reproduced plates follow the pages of text; and for the benefit of the professional student a wealth of notes is given, and a very useful chronological table in addition to an almost overwhelming bibliography, in which a number of books, pamphlets and articles in foreign languages naturally greatly exceed those in English.

Dr. Collins finds Seghers in almost every stage of his development "far ahead of his time." Evidently he was considerably influenced in his outlook upon the social function of the artist by the prevailing ideas of contemporary philosophy; and therefore it is not surprising to detect traces of the scepticism of René Descartes in his conception and interpretation of the visible world. With his confidence in the outward aspects of Nature largely shaken, Seghers set his hand to "the hard experimental way in order to gain insight into reality." In this way he seems to have discovered a fruitful means of activating most effectively his own creative impulse. In his bold attempt to emulate creation, Dr. Collins says of Seghers that "he makes his world emerge from chaotic disarray at the bidding of his will which, in a philosophical sense, is to him ultimate certainty. Headstrong, he pursues a scheme of universal causation. Giving rhythm and tension to his work he forms

his image of Nature as an etcher, as a painter, and, above all, as a master-builder of the landscape." Little wonder, then, that his great contemporary, Rembrandt, caught by the spell of Seghers's work, his bizarre rocks and crags, mountains and valleys and river views, possessed himself of eight of his paintings.

DRAWING AND PAINTING SEASCAPE. By DAVID COBB, R.O.I. Pitman. 35s.

Reviewed by Horace Shipp

In matters of art few things are more difficult to write than the "How-to-do-it" book, for in the last resort the things which truly matter are incommunicable. Mr. Cobb, in this volume, written out of his experience as a popular marine artist, has fully realised this. He says:

"There is a defect inherent in any book of this type; no matter how detached the author may be, or how excellent his mechanical accomplishments, he cannot explain exactly what goes to make his picture."

This author believes in "feeling" as the pre-eminently important thing about painting or drawing, and on the technical side he emphasises the basic need of drawing and the making of studies as the preliminary to any painting. The book, in fact, is an analysis of his own studies and sketches in a great number of styles and media. Boats of all kinds, waterways of all varieties, wharves and quays, and "the men who go down to the sea in ships" (not so many of these, and not so good). There is ample evidence of an eye open for details of significance—mechanical, such as the structure of any boat or the complication of riggings; or natural, such as the swirl of water in the wake, or the breaking of waves. Add to this acquaintance with a host of techniques—pen, pencil, wash, charcoal, etc.—which will convey the effect he wishes. The book is useful, too, in that he has power to put over what he is doing in each instance and why he is doing it. Inevitably there is repetition, but always we must remember that this is a teaching book. My chief criticism is with a singularly inartistic book jacket; but any working artist or pupil will be willing to take his jacket off, so this does not really matter except that it would put a lot of us off the book at first sight.

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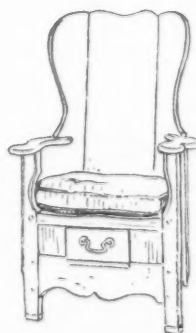
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NELSON

THE DRAWINGS OF GIOVANNI
BATTISTA PIRANESI. By HYLTON
THOMAS. Faber. 42s.

Reviewed by Horace Shipp

A recent exhibition of fine prints at Colnaghi's was remarkable for a number of magnificent etchings from the Prince Liechtenstein collection by that impressive XVIIIth-century master, Piranesi. He has always enjoyed a reputation for such work, and even during his lifetime had no lack of patrons for his real and imaginary architectural prints. It is strange, therefore, that the studies for these, and the wide range of his free drawings which lie behind them have never been properly considered until Hylton Thomas's monograph. It puts Piranesi in his rank as one of the splendid draughtsmen of his period. This period is now being recognised increasingly for the wealth of its drawings and the charm which links romantic human figures to the stylised magnificence of Baroque and Classic architecture.

His drawings in the past have often been ascribed to Guardi, in the complacent belief that no first-class drawing need be given to Piranesi unless it is incorporated in the prints with which we associate his name. Not the least value of Mr. Thomas's volume lies in the demarcation of his evolving and clearly marked artistic personality. That personality is born of the marriage of the two cities which dominated his life: Venice and Rome. Venice brought her grace, her charm, and curve upon curve of her exquisite rococo artifice; Rome gave him strength, magnificence, the marvel of her antiquity. It is not unimportant that he himself saw Rome as the child of Etruscan strength rather than of Grecian beauty.

This book examines every phase of his draughtsmanship and reproduces the best of it in eighty plates. The figures are particularly fascinating; so is the wild romanticism of the "Carceri" and other early or fairly early architectural drawings. Is this to confess that we are less in sympathy with the restraining classicism of the full Roman period? Perhaps; but it is well that it came to keep control of a mind inclined to be over-theatrical. The fault with his buildings is that they pile arches and pilasters and sculpture, stairways and colonnades, in fantastic profusion. What a scenic artist Piranesi would have made for films! We must be grateful to Mr. Thomas for this new introduction to him from an important angle.

SAINT GEORGE FOR ETHIOPIA.
By BEATRICE PLAYNE. Constable. 45s.

Reviewed by Jon Wynne-Tyson

It is seldom that the numerous and worthy books on art, which daily demand their quota of level and unprejudiced comment, include a work that could conceivably have been culled from places less prosaic than the better-known Continental galleries or the well-trodden highway from Bloomsbury to South Kensington. Yet this whimsically entitled account of a mule-back tour of Ethiopian rock churches in search of early Christian paintings is nothing if not unusual, says much for the determination and originality of its author, Miss Beatrice Playne, and deals with a subject as far removed from the easy culture of big cities as one could wish.

Dogged by ulcers from tongue to toe, Miss Playne suffered numerous hardships in the course of her strange adventures in the less-frequented corners of Ethiopia. Her hired servants gave constant trouble—"Nearly all my men are drunk again and I have to get up repeatedly to shake and curse them"; she fell from her mount; entrance to several churches was denied her because of her sex; and even her bed threatened continually to collapse beneath her. Illness broke out among the porters, and one sufferer provided the material for a typically unselfconscious entry in the author's diary, from which this book is compiled. "The toe looks thoroughly infected now. I threatened to cut off his leg, and I think he believed that I would. The worst of it is, there is no more elastoplast."

It cannot have been a simple matter for Miss Playne always to distinguish between the spurious and the genuine among the artistic examples that came into her hands. Over-painting, imitations, imported reproductions, uncertain origins, and a stylistic range that appeared to borrow something from most schools between early English and late Picasso, all served to confuse, perplex and irritate. The choice of paintings reproduced in her book illustrates the extent to which their originators moved from asymmetrical disorder to surprisingly controlled and stylistic competence.

The rock-churches themselves provide most interesting material, and the book is recommended to anyone concerned with gaining new insight into the architectural and artistic history of this strangely neglected land.

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27a, Charles St., Mayfair, W.1

THE LIBRARY SHELF

THE BRIDGES OF BRITAIN. By ERIC DE LA MARÉ. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 42s.

Reviewed by Gladys Scott Thomson

Mr. de la Maré begins and ends his book with some paragraphs in which he endeavours to analyse something of the aesthetic pleasure conveyed by the structure of a bridge; and, behind that, something of the romance which lurks in their very existence. If the attempt is not wholly successful he can plead that such elusive ideas bear translation into print badly. What he feels about his subject is clear enough. It is a feeling shared by many. In hard fact and without resort to fantasy, bridges are no insignificant symbols of the influence of geography, the layout of the land, on the story of the human race. In this instance, after some introductory paragraphs on the world history of bridge building, Mr. de la Maré turns to Britain to discuss its bridges from those primitive structures known as clapper bridges, of which the most famous is Devon's Post Bridge, up to London's new Waterloo Bridge, completed in 1945, and the Castle Bridge for foot passengers in Shrewsbury, finished in 1951—a span of something like three thousand years in all. He shows how the process by which the stone slabs were heaved by early settlers, over the Dart, that comparatively insignificant but on occasion most turbulent river, proceeded through the days of Romans and Anglo-Saxons to the coming of the master mason, who erected the mediæval bridges belonging, Mr. de la Maré points out, to an age of faith, when most of these structures had a cross at their central point and many their chapel or shrine. There was in England, however, no fraternity equivalent to the *Frates Pontifices*, a French order which had originated in Italy and were responsible for the upkeep and perhaps sometimes the building of bridges for the use of travellers. After the mason, the architect; after the architect, the engineer; the crafts melting imperceptibly one into another. It is just here that the importance is evident of Mr. de la Maré being what he himself calls "architect turned writer"; for he is able to explain the technicalities of form—pierced, cantilever, suspension bridges; the use of arches, spandrels, girders—in admirably clear language which escapes tedium and weariness. So the craftsmen are shown turning materials to their service, stone, wood, iron, steel, with aluminium and reinforced concrete already well on the heels of the last, for the craft still lives and grows and adapts itself. It is a fascinating story as told here, with its value reinforced by the admirable photographs and, incidentally, by a quite excellent index. It is a tribute to the author rather than a criticism of his work that many of his readers will perceive a gap and wonder why he has not included some favourite bridge of his or her own. One reader at least has a fleeting sense of nostalgia for a mention of the two bridges in full view of one another over the Spey at Grantown, the vehicular traffic passing, even in some cases rushing across the new single arch concrete bridge, a pleasing thing in itself, while a selection of foot passengers still contentedly use the old structure.

JAPANESE MASTERS OF THE COLOUR-PRINT. By J. HILLIER. Phaidon Press. 37s. 6d.

Reviewed by Victor Rienaeker

The Japanese colour-print has long been recognised in the West as an important and significant form of pictorial art. A Phaidon Press publication is always handsomely printed and profusely illustrated; and Mr. Hillier's scholarly text makes the book an informative and worthy work of reference. There are illustrations of subjects by Moronobu in the late XVIIth century to Hokusai and Hiroshige in the XIXth century. In addition to many already well-known subjects, there are a number of others equally interesting that have rarely, if ever, been reproduced before.

Mr. Hillier has appreciated the fact that even the most expensive books on Japanese colour-prints are generally very inadequately illustrated; and it is, therefore, supplying a real need to make his selection more comprehensive than is usual and include every type and shape and subject.

The impact and effect of the Japanese colour-print on European art in the XIXth century was profound and far-reaching. The sacrifice of detail, the bold synthesis of natural forms, the adoption of the unusual angle of vision in the cause of a striking design, in all these ways the Japanese pictorial designers' influence revolutionised the European conception of painting which was based on the dogma of representing "things as they are seen." Degas, Manet, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Beardsley, the Beggarstaff Brothers, all show considerable indebtedness to one or other of the great designers of the Japanese colour-print.

The school of Japanese pictorial artists that arose in the XVIIth century differed in the main, though not exclusively, from the established and time-honoured schools of painting. Instead of preoccupation with the "eternal verities," the perpetuation of myths, and the glorification of national heroes, which characterised the ancient, aristocratic and scholarly school, the popular colour-printers produced "Pictures of the Fleeting World"; and their themes were generally the simple interests and activities of quite ordinary life. Thus a large number of the prints depicted the courtesans of the licensed establishments (the Yoshiwara) in Yedo (now Tokyo), and similar houses elsewhere, which were the haunts of most of the popular artists and writers of the time.

We are given glimpses of the apartments, of the ceremonial of the "courtship" preceding "full knowledge"; of the women alone, idling the day away in decorous pursuits, writing long love letters, displaying a new dress to companions, or amusing themselves with pet animals or playing battledore or yo-yo. But many other aspects of Japanese life were illustrated by the colour-printer; and some of the loveliest subjects reflected the people's innate and unfeigned devotion to all the natural features and effects of the countryside: the rising of the new moon; the flowering of the cherry trees; the red leaves of the autumn maples; the first falls of snow; the mountains and lakes of their beautiful land.

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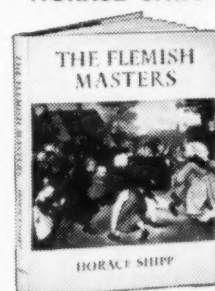
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NEWNES

THE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP. By W. G. CONSTABLE. Oxford University Press. 21s. net.

Reviewed by Adrian Bury.

Considering the large sums of money spent on art education, it is surprising how ignorant both public and even artists are of the methods by which a work of art comes into being. The technique of painting is not only a question of manual dexterity but of the proper use of diverse tools and materials from the canvas, wood, wall or paper on which the work is done to the subtle problems of paint-constituents, and the effect of time upon them. Persons learned in other departments of life are often quite unable to distinguish between an oil, tempera or water-colour painting, and the difference between a transparent wash drawing and one "reinforced" with body-colour completely eludes them.

Had Sir Joshua Reynolds been aware of the peril of using bitumen some of his paintings would not have come down to us with a network of cracks. By continuing to paint on portraits that had not thoroughly dried Sargent left several works that could but rapidly disintegrate.

Looking at the Flemish pictures at the Royal Academy one was conscious that the masters of the XVIth and XVIIth centuries possessed not only inspiration but precise knowledge of all the materials which would assure the permanence of their works as far as any permanence can be assured of mortal things.

In his introductory chapter to *The Painter's Workshop*, Mr. Constable writes: "Too often it is forgotten that painting

is a craft as well as an art. . . . It is not too much to say that on the mastery of his craft depends the artist's power to say fully and completely what he has to say."

The old guilds and system of apprenticeship did insist on and preserve the routine and secrets of craftsmanship, but art schools, generally speaking, during the last hundred years, never sufficiently stressed the importance of a knowledge of materials, particularly the chemical qualities of colours which were fugitive, likely to conflict, or were subject to change.

Mr. Constable is extremely interesting on such matters and on the various methods, media and schools of painting from the Middle Ages to the present time.

In regard to the craft of water-colour I am not cognisant with a celebrated F. L. Lewis (page 55), who used gouache with transparent tints, though J. F. Lewis was certainly a master in this respect, and not unjustly praised in superlatives during his lifetime.

The Painter's Workshop is an important and admirably produced book, and a careful study of its graceful erudition would greatly assist in the appreciation of the art of painting as a whole.

LETTERS TO BENVENUTA (from Rainer Maria Rilke). Translated by HEINZ NORDEN, foreword by Louis Untermeyer. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

It is common knowledge that Rilke, like nine out of ten other people, had an unhappy childhood, and in this selection of prolix letters to Frau von Hattingberg, written almost entirely on a note of hysterical self-pity and self-obsession, the fact

is well emphasised. Why such a negative lament should lead Frau von Hattingberg to suppose that "those young people who have retained a sense of reverence, and all others who are pure in heart," should find them of value except in a purely literary sense is beyond understanding. Her supposition that the letters will help the reader to "marshall his inner powers" is equally puzzling, for apart from an emotional identification of self with the enigmas and vicissitudes of being, practically nothing of profundity or point is said, least of all of any metaphysical or philosophical value; and as we are not able to read the other side of the correspondence, Benvenuto's letters, the difficulties of enjoyable comprehension are doubled, though it must be admitted that Rilke's thoughts during this most sterile and exacerbated period of his life (all the letters in this book were written in February, 1914, in response to her first contact with the poet in the month before) were so egotistic as to reveal a desire to bring relief to a troubled mind rather than to conduct a give-and-take correspondence.

At this time, when Rilke found that "even the love of flowers has become a strain," his morbidity bore few fruits of value or inspiration, and it was not until the early twenties that he returned to anything approaching his old self. Certainly, subjective emotionalism of this nature, presented with a florid abandon and obsessive fatalism cannot seriously be said to have more than a literary interest, or to reveal more than an unadmirable, if pitiable, state of the soul.

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A SUMMER WINE PARTY

BY BON VIVEUR

IT is almost inevitable when the pleasures at table are broached in either speech or the written word that the distinguished shades of M. Brillat-Savarin or Dr. Samuel Johnson are invoked. Since we for two—(speaking as one)—deplore frequently misspelt and mis-pronounced French on menus and in discussion where our own tongue would serve greater accuracy and distinction, we call Dr. Johnson to the stand. The current, admirable vogue in modest entertainment precludes the further necessity for invective anent the cocktail party and all its deplorable concomitants. Wine is coming back into its own, borne like a conquering hero upon the shoulders of the Younger Generation. It only remains to serve the clamorous demands for information, suggestion and extensions of usage to the limits of our resources.

Replacing Garrick's death with the death of cocktails we ask Dr. Johnson to testify in support of wine, the temporary loss of which during the lean war years "has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures." Again let him confirm "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious," . . . must love, respect, understand and imbibe wine.

The giving of a wine party is within the reach of the most slenderly breeced spender. A summer wine party is probably the most graceful, inspiring method of expressing the Entente Cordiale, both between ourselves and the greatest of wine-cordwaining nations, and between ourselves and our friends; but never for a moment let us lose sight of the fact that other wines from other nations belong unerringly in such entertainments, which would be the poorer for their exclusion.

In these days of scant assistance, fork fare is by far the most intelligent, with the inclusion of hot dishes reserved for indoor wine parties unless or until the numberless, inspiring to amateur cooks, American barbecue facilities are made available in our more slow-moving country. Here there are a couple of noteworthy exceptions. An extended lead, attached to an electric hot plate, and run from the living room does enable the contemporary hostess to offer hot fare out of doors, but lest she fall into that highly unappetising Slough of Gastronomic Despond, the "little varme" beloved by Scandinavians, she must ensure her fare is piping hot before it leaves the kitchen. Food is only maintained at its existing temperature! The more luxurious of the two exceptions is that highly delightful, exciting-to-watch electric spit, grill and salamander which performs such agreeable convolutions. Let it impale tournedos, preinjected with peppercorns or garlic juice; poussins whose interiors have been stuffed with fresh rosemary, or tarragon; noisettes of veal wrapped in leaves of vine and pork fat; breasts of fowl wrapped around paste centres of cheese and good farm butter.

Let the temptation—one to which we are painfully vulnerable—to mount elaborate set pieces on your buffets—which entail elaborate service and lose their elegance the

instant they are first ravished—cede pride of place to dishes of easily served fare preferably pre-portioned before garnish. Segments of delicately poached salmon whose *court bouillon* has known fresh dill! Rounds of red beef pre-carved and coiled like brilliant autumn leaves about lettuce hearts or talons (not slices) of cucumber, *peeled* stuffed whole tomatoes, and tender slices of young veal similarly enfolding peeled grapes which have been steeped lovingly in white wine.

When an ordinary light plug is within reach whisk your sauces from a sauce trolley before the assembled company, using that latest toy which now delights our guests, a hand whisk which is as portable as a hand microphone. The saucier at the Hotel Astor, Viareggio, works in the restaurant not the kitchen. Wheeling his trolley of assembled ingredients and bowls to the clients' tables he mixes and merges to individual tastes.

On such a trolley you will install cooking wines and liqueurs for your wine party. Let these be inexpensive, as for all *marinades*, steepings and infusions. The French *Sabayon* variant of Italian *Zabaglione* needs the most modestly priced white Bordeaux, can be made with a white Empire wine and served as a superb saucing for peeled peaches, chilled, hulled strawberries, raspberries, stalked, stoned cherries or skinned, stoned apricots or greengages.

A French dressing made with wine instead of wine vinegar will ensure no palate injury when the host is broaching fine vintage wines. A *beurre blanc* or a *crème au beurre anglaise* needs only young, low-priced brandy. Keep your best for the glass!

When your buffet table supports spiced, highly seasoned fare—the cold *Gaspachio* soup of Spain for example—select a fairly lusty sherry; but a tiny, chilled melon of Cavaillon would take one of the most delicate sherries obtainable, and an Avocado pear a Sercial dry Madeira. Similarly, pungent cold risottos, pilaffes, pilaus need the Austrians to give them harmony—such wines as a Nussberger or, flying higher, a Gumpoldskirschener. Those tournedos cry out for the wines of Burgundy or Rhône, especially one wickedly known in this family as "The Shattered Nerves of the Pope"—even as cold trout in aspic, or the newly returned, excitingly subtle smoked sturgeon purrs to the accompaniment of what we affectionately mis-pronounce as "Polly Fussy."

There are two wines which can be served throughout summer buffet meals with absolute safety. One inexpensive, and one too often dismissed as being prohibitive. First, then, the Bordeaux vin Rosé, needing only a light chilling before service, and thereafter, equally appropriate, with gaiety implicit in its connotation even before the first bubbles have broken in *tulip*, not champagne perish-the-nonsense, glasses—champagne!

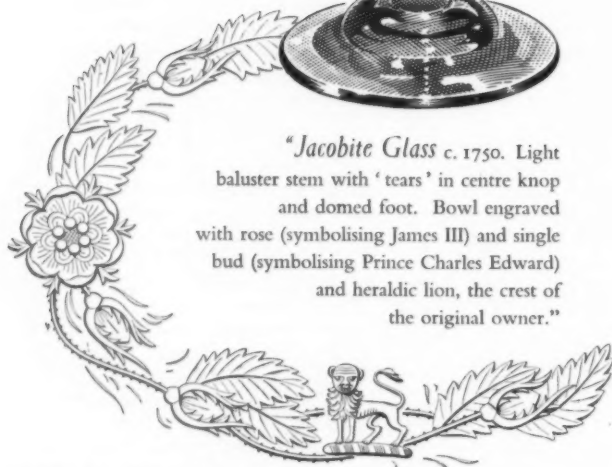
So far we have omitted the Germans entirely. These like the Austrians are wines which do not need food to make them enjoyable in summer. Fragrance, charm, and gaiety



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all are theirs, when broached from the humblest to the most mighty at any table on any terrace or lawn when the shadows are flexing at the sun's departure and the talk is ripened and leisurely. But give them, ideally, as companions, fillets of sole in cream for the dry, delicate Moselles; take such Hocks as a fine Rheingau, fairly dry and of high quality from fish through white meats to fresh fruit, and a Riesling/Sylvaner cross which produces a sweet, fruity wine, with some gâteau or other sweet frivolity in which your culinary art excels. If your guests have a marked partiality for red wine you may equally well serve one of the lighter clarets with the white meats.

Now for the most perilous ground—where many a wine-snob fears to tread, but which can be negotiated with triumph. Sweep out that attic accumulation of pompous dictums. Approach the mixing and enjoying of wine cups and diluted wines in that same spirit as moved Monsieur André L. Simon to write of Vins pink or Rosé "... pretty to look at, pleasant to drink ... but ... soon forgotten ...". You flirt ... and you experience the *grand amour*—we trust. Please drink both respectfully blended frivolities and great vintage wines the while according to each its proper status without self-deception.

Let us envisage a buffet and "mixed drinks" spread beneath the "fair pledges of a fruitful tree." You will select a vivid cotton cloth, some of the potteries of Picasso, an Italianate or the Danes, and rush-cased carafes with the ice installed in separate lips. These are the "floats" for cup carnivals. Reserve your laces, candlelight, silver and roses for classic wine feasts and rather devise a cornucopia from the vegetable garden or a wreath of peppers, garlic, bay to decorate the board than strike a too formal note at an alfresco feasting. Serve *Salade Niçoise*, *Pâté Maison*, *Quiche Lorraine*, a *Tarte aux Fraises*, with a *Paella*, *Bouillabaisse* or serried row of *Kebabs* upon your hot plate, reserving such elegances as *Game Pies*, *fondue à la Fribourg* and *Crème de Camembert* for your red burgundies; Dublin Bay Prawns, salmon trout and stuffed carp for the whites.

Turn to Austria for the simple summer custom of lacing chilled young red and white wines with soda water. It is a thirst quenching, agreeable *modus operandi*. Look to Majorca for the *Sangria*.

Tip a bottle of inexpensive young claret into a well-chilled container. Add a claret glassful of inexpensive brandy, eight lumps of sugar, a level teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a level teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, a generous pinch of powdered cloves, the strained juice of one orange, half a lemon, the peeled rind of one lemon, cut very thinly, and one whole orange sliced thinly. Submerge a sprig of borage and chill in advance. At the moment of service add one crushed tumbler of ice and half a syphon of soda water. Stir and serve with equanimity, adding a touch more sugar if your palate confirms the necessity—for you.

When your wine party has moved towards its apex, and only you can judge the psychological moment for producing the gastronomic rabbit from your domestic hat, tuck this small scrap of counsel into the leaves of your scrap book for A Very Special Occasion. Obtain a silver punch bowl (or compromise with an earthenware container). In this place sufficient peeled halved peaches to allow one half to each guest. To every dozen peaches allow one lb. best loaf sugar, two bottles of champagne and half a bottle of brandy. Warm the brandy very slightly. Set the champagne near to the punch bowl. Place the loaf sugar in a common sieve, not a hair sieve. Pour a little of the brandy over the sugar and flambé at once. Shake gently to keep the flames active. Continue adding brandy and shaking gently until the sugar has collapsed and the rich syrup has dripped well over the peaches. Stir in any remaining sugar. There should be none, but only practice makes perfect. Pour on the champagne and stir thoroughly, but do not bruise the peaches. Leave for one minute. Serve the peaches and drink the liquid.

Ave ulcus duodeni morituri te salutant.

THOUGHTS ON COASTERS BY N. M. PENZER

One of the last articles to appear on the English table was the bottle- or decanter-coaster, or slider, as it was also called. The reason for its late appearance was due to a number of circumstances all of which had occurred before the middle of the XVIIIth century. The age was one of polite conversation at the dinner-table, the number of courses had increased, and eating was now taken seriously as is proved by the growing number of cookery books issued at this time. Both table and sideboard bore impressive evidence of the high craftsmanship of the contemporary goldsmith and of the great variety of objects he was called upon to produce. But it is with the wines that we are particularly concerned. Apart from the numerous "made" wines, those still popular in the early XVIIIth century were claret, burgundy, sherry and hock—with champagne (from cask only) making an occasional appearance. But the clauses of the Methuen treaty were soon to take effect, and the French wines were to give place to those of Portugal. It was discovered that if port was binned and allowed to mature it produced a wine without rival for the post-prandial symposium.

The advent of the coaster was hastened by the use of mahogany for dining-tables, and the removal of the cloth for dessert in order to expose the fine grain of the polished surface in which the beauty of the silver and cut-glass was reflected. If the bottle- or decanter-stand had owed its inception to the desire of the mistress of the house to preserve

the spotlessness of her napery, it was now to change its sedentary status and to become a "coaster" or "slider" on the polished mahogany surface. For this purpose the wooden base of the article in question had to be covered with fine baize to prevent scratching the table and also to facilitate its coasting. As time went on other forms of the coaster were introduced, such as the double-coaster to take two decanters—usually port and madeira—made like a waggon on wheels. John Crouch made such a one for the Duke of Wellington in 1812, embossing it with figures of the infant Bacchus amidst panthers and vines, and raising the waggon on ivory wheels. George IV presented Wellington with another pair of double coasters designed by Thomason of Birmingham from medals of the Napoleonic wars, and used at the Waterloo Banquet.

Another innovation was the mahogany wine-table. This was a narrow table of semi-circular or horseshoe form to be placed in front of the fire. It provided for some ten or twelve people at most, so that its use was limited. Visitors to Cambridge may have seen the fine example in Trinity Hall Combination-room. It had been bought by a Dr. Roupell from a London club about 1838, and is thought to date from about 1800. Its method of working is as follows: the master sits at the right-hand side near the fire, his vis-à-vis at the left presses down a wooden handle below the table, which action sets in motion two decanters placed in wooden stands to which leather guards are attached on one

side. The decanters then travel down an inclined plane, below the surface of the table, across the front of the fire-place to the master, who removes them from their stands, fills the glasses of his guest and himself, and passes them on (not in coasters) to the fellow on his left. On reaching the place whence they had started they are re-filled (if necessary) and started again on their journey. Thus, although we are dealing only with a semi-circular table, the ritual of passing the wine in a clockwise direction is observed. We shall return to this important custom shortly.

The single coaster first appeared about 1760, and was usually in pairs, fours, sixes or eights, as was also the case with decanters. It was a lovely object, and nearly all examples of the early 'seventies were pierced and engraved in the Adam style. At first the bases were also of silver, but it was soon found that boxwood, cut in shallow concentric rings with a central silver box inside, was more serviceable. The surrounding vertical gallery was low at first, but became deeper as time went on. This may have been due to the fact that it gave the goldsmith greater depth to exhibit his art, as well as allowing the stand to be put to uses other than holding a bottle or decanter. Thus when Paul Storr made a set of twelve coasters for the Duke of Wellington in 1814-15 he made them 3½ in. deep, which enabled him to emboss recumbent figures of the young Bacchus, sleeping lions, vine-leaf foliage, etc. Glass liners were also provided so that the stands could be used as receptacles for sweets, fondants, cakes and so forth. A similar set was made for the Earl of

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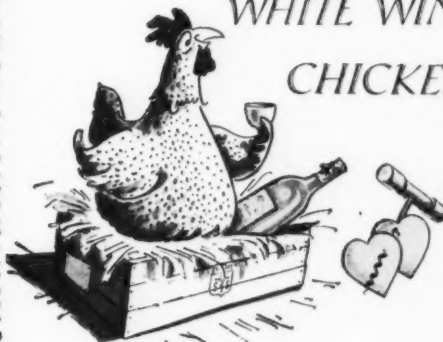
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Mahogany Wine-table in the Combination Room of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. By courtesy of the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall.

Harewood the following year, while another set of four is at Oriel College, Oxford.

Coasters with solid galleries, often slightly convex, usually date from the beginning of the XIXth century and do not possess the beauty of the earlier pierced specimens.

It would be evading the issue if we were to attempt to conclude this note without dealing with the oft-asked question as to why the port is always coasted in a

clockwise direction. Simply expressed, the answer to the question is that otherwise one would be transgressing against the laws of cosmical rotation and the primitive belief that to follow the sun's course strengthens its continuance and is beneficial and health-giving to mortals. A sun-wise direction, therefore, brings good luck.

For its origin we can look to ancient Greece. Greek augurs looked to the north, so that lucky omens came from the

east, and were on the right side. From the Greek preference for the right hand everything had to be done "towards the right hand," or *ἐν δὲξιᾷ*, as Homer (*Il.* i, 597) called it. In fact, all things which went round in a circle—drinking and toasting at table, casting lots (*Il.* vii, 184), begging at table (*Od.* xvii, 365)—had to be carried out clockwise or sunwise, with the right hand and shoulder towards the centre, or from the left towards the right. But here we must be careful, for the reader may well remark: "but the man on my right passes the decanter to my right side and I pass it on to the left—thus is goes from right to left!" True, but this is only with the small segment of the circle, for actually the decanter is continually making a right-hand turn. We can see this at once if we think of the person of the cup-bearer walking round the table and filling cups of the guests in turn—he is always making a right-hand turn with his right hand and side towards the centre of the table. It is perhaps even clearer if we imagine a spectator watching a horse-race round a circular course. The horses are first seen passing from right to left, then, at the further side of the course they re-pass from left to right. But the course of the race itself is, all the while, from left to right, *ἐπὶ δεξιᾷ*, *dextroversum*, sunwise, clockwise, or *deasil* (deiseal, deisul, desiul, etc.). Although the study of *deasil*, or the right-handed circumambulation of sacred objects, is of absorbing interest—embracing, as it does, both pagan and Christian religious observances together with their accompanying folk-lore, superstitions and customs—it hardly comes within the scope of our thoughts on coasters.

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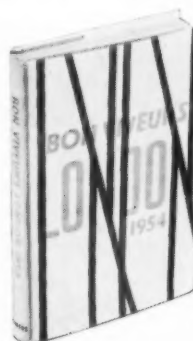
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MUSIC: Domenico Scarlatti

BY P. J. INMAN

The year 1685 was lavish with musical genius; some six months after the births of Handel and Bach, as if that were not harvest enough, Domenico Scarlatti was born in Naples, where his father, the great Alessandro Scarlatti, was chapel-master to the Spanish viceroy. From the start Domenico lacked few advantages, because his father was not only a composer of the highest ability, who moulded, one might say, a style which was to find its perfection in the music of Mozart, but also a teacher of high repute. Burney numbers, perhaps erroneously, Porpora, Hasse and Pergolesi among his pupils. The entire Scarlatti family, in fact, revealed a history of melomania which can only find a parallel in the Bach family: innumerable relatives of Domenico appear to have sung, played and composed with more energy than self-consciousness.

The great age of patronage had already begun, and Alessandro had been fortunate in attracting the attention of Christina of Sweden, then living in Rome. Neither he, nor his son, was ever short of patrons, and most of their lives were lived in the Courts of Italy and Spain, in positions that lay somewhere between courtiers and servants. In these circumstances, it is strange that so little accurate information has survived about the life of Domenico. Almost nothing is known of his character, his habits, his opinions, other than what can be deduced from the internal evidence of his music. In an excellent book on him, the American harpsichordist, Ralph Kirkpatrick, has corrected errors in the Scarlatti lore, but he has not been able to add many new details. And although many of the Courts frequented by Domenico abounded with painters, he has been able to find no sure portrait of the composer.

It is known, however, that Scarlatti was in Venice in 1708, and that he met Handel there. The two composers apparently took an immediate liking to each other, and shortly afterwards occurred the famous episode at the Chancellery of Cardinal Ottoboni, another professional patron of the arts, in Rome. Here a contest was staged between them, fought out first upon the harpsichord, then upon the organ, and it is reported that though Scarlatti held his own on the former instrument, he handsomely handed the victory to Handel as an organist, remarking that he had hitherto been unaware of the organ's possibilities. At this time, and probably for the rest of his life, Domenico was as generous as he was retiring. His musicianship was never in doubt. He knew intimately the music of Palestrina and the polyphonic masters, and after leaving the service of Queen Marie Casimir of Poland, who sought to continue in Rome the tradition of patronage established by Christina of Sweden, he became chapel-master at St. Peter's. During this period he composed masses and other choral music, together with a number of operas, most of which are now lost. The somewhat slender evidence of these suggests that they were mediocre; in any case, they were never revived.

It was in 1721 that Scarlatti first went to Portugal, and in the Iberian peninsula he was to find his two wives, his home, and more important, his own stature as a creative artist. He became the teacher of the Princess of the Asturias, who was to marry Fernando VI of Spain. At a very tender age the young Princess Maria Barbara was known as a musical enthusiast, and Scarlatti lived the rest of his life in her service, which cannot have been uncongenial.

In Spain a great, if gradual, transformation took place in his music, now written almost exclusively for keyboard instruments. Mr. Kirkpatrick attributes this partly to his liberation from an over-attentive father, and one with a dominating musical personality. But no one can doubt that the music of Spain, with its Moorish inflections and capricious rhythms, together with the sense of morbidity inherent in Spanish life, played a large part in it. Domenico Scarlatti was, in fact, about the first of all the great composers to be considerably influenced by folk music and dances. It was at once an influence that was powerful yet contained. The late music of Scarlatti is almost exclusively in one form, and that unique in the history of music, which is sometimes known as an "Exercise," or, more generally now, as a "Sonata." With the conventional sonata form as developed by later composers, it has little in common. There are some five hundred pieces cast in it, all short, all in a single movement, though one which often allows the most violent contrasts of mood, and nearly all in a sort of varied binary form. Moreover, the suggestion has been made, and seems irrefutable, that the "Sonatas" were intended to be played in complementary pairs, often in relative major and minor keys, an idea which no later musician has seen fit to adopt.

These "Exercises" are, in fact, as utterly original as the Art of Fugue itself. Although there is no evidence that they were designed for purposes of study only, it seems likely that they may have been written over the years for Maria Barbara, in whose debt Scarlatti very much was. With their virtuosity, formal and melodic elasticity, they almost approach some of the works of the XIXth century, but it has only been in this century that a revival of interest in the harpsichord and its literature has brought them out of something like limbo. Even now they are not thoroughly explored, and the indications are that a just appraisal of them, in critical terms, has not yet been made. There is a good deal in Domenico Scarlatti that runs across the aesthetic prejudices of our time, but he was a professional in the best sense of the word, and one who cared little, like Bach, for renown in his own time. The Sonatas are never likely to touch a large public; apart from their medium, they appeal to a sensibility alien to our own, to a sensibility, in fact, which rates wit and civilisation higher, in its arts, than tragedy and the sense of the individual. Scarlatti, whatever his stature, is somewhere on the peak which Mozart tops.



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THE MUSIC OF LISZT*

Some while ago, Mr. Humphrey Searle published in the pages of *APOLLO* a brief account of the relationship of Wagner and Liszt, suggesting that, of the two, Liszt was the more forward-looking composer. Now, as the leading English authority on Liszt and his music, he has written a short study which is a model of all that a *catalogue raisonné* should be. His book gets straight down to business, and without giving the impression of special pleading, emphasises the "experimental and revolutionary" side of Liszt's music.

There is all too little literature in English on this extraordinary composer, who is responsible for some of the most vulgar of bravura excesses as well as capable of deep and far-reaching musical thought, and much of what there is deals with Liszt's life much as it might deal with, say, Casanova's. That he is much more than an eccentric and a virtuoso in the manner that Paganini was, Mr. Searle asserts throughout his book, and it is hard to imagine any unprejudiced reader disagreeing with him.

The book also contains a biographical survey, a catalogue of works and a bibliography. It will be indispensable to those who do not object to discovering in the XIXth century, in the music of Liszt, many roots of the music of to-day. It is a pity that the publishers have put so excessive a price upon it.

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